

THE
Modern Prophets:

OR,
NEW WIT for a *HUSBAND*.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. Tho' D'Urfey.

L O N D O N :

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT, at the Cross-Keys between
the Two Temple-Gates in Fleetstreet.

· T O T H E ·
· H O N O U R A B L E ·
Sir William Scawen, Baronet.

S I R,

Amongst my Noble Patrons, who have been so obliging to countenance my Dramatick Essays, I humbly beg you to make one Addition more by accepting this. I acquainted you with my Design as soon as I begun to write on the Subject, and had the Honour to receive from you, as well as from other Persons of Learning and Judgment, Incouragement to proceed.

Epistle Dedicatory.

The Theme was altogether Novelty, and the ensuing Sheets Morally intended, as I have hinted in the Prologue, to ridicule the Ridiculers of our establish'd Doctrine; and as it did not want your candid Approbation, neither did it the Encouragement of many considerable Persons, Clergy as well as others, who look'd with Contempt upon the abominable Impostures of those craz'd Enthusiasts, and with Satisfaction approv'd of a Satyrical Endeavour to expose them as they deserv'd.

I must confess, Sir, when I consider the many Obligations I lie under for your frequent extraordinary Favours, I cannot forbear owning that this small Present I presume to make, is a very indifferent Retaliation; but when I reflect that your uncommon Understanding can readily inform ye, that those of our Faculty, stinted of other means to express their Gratitude, have only this way of recording the Merit and generous Actions of those worthy Patrons to whom they are obliged; I am then assur'd and satisfied, that that Excellent Good-Nature and affable Temper of Mind, that as it illustrates you, blesses all that have the Honour to be of
your

Epistle Dedicatory.

your Acquaintance, will with an Indulgent Smile allow me a favourable Excuse, and condescend to patronize this little Product of my Brain, with the same Genuine and Indearing Courtesy, that always diffus'd a delightful Satisfaction to People on all occasional Affairs, and for which you are so generally beloved and honoured.

Your Easiness of Humour, or rather your harmonious Disposition, is so admirably mixt with your Composure, that the rugged Cares and Disturbance that publick Affairs brings with it, which does so vexatiously affect the Heads of other great Men of Business, &c. does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded Brow so much as with a Frown. And what above all is Praise-worthy, you are so far from thinking your self better than others, that a flourishing and opulent Fortune which by a certain natural Corruption in its Quality seldom fails to infect other Possessors with Pride, seems in this case as if only providentially dispos'd to enlarge your Humility.

But I find, Sir, I am now got into a very large Field, where tho' I could with great ease raise a number of Plants in relation to
your

Epistle Dedicatory.

your Merit of this plauditory Nature; yet for fear of an Author's general Vice, and that the plain Justice I have done you should, by my proceeding and others mistaken Judgment, be imagin'd Flattery, a thing the Bluntness of my Nature does not care to be concern'd with, and which I also know you abominate. I will here withdraw my Pen; and once more begging you to accept my grateful Acknowledgments, and the present Peice the new Effects of my Labour, conclude and subscribe my self,

S I R,

Your Oblig'd,

and most humble Servant,

T. D'Urfey.

P R E F A C E.

I Should not trouble the Reader with any Preface, did I not lie under an Obligation to return my most humble and hearty Thanks to the Nobility, and the rest of my Friends for their obliging Condescension, and generous Kindness at the Presentation of this Piece on My Day; who notwithstanding the ill Humour of some who were dissatisfied with the just Reflections which they imagin'd were made upon themselves or Friends, and their endeavouring to cry it down, did not cease to persevere in their Candor, till they had perfected their Design of securing my Advantage.

The not timing its coming on the Stage, which was occasion'd by the late unhappy Mourning, and other Accidents, the Jest growing quite stale by the Dispersing and Absence of the Enthusiastick Impostors, was a great Hindrance to the Run of the Play; which otherwise had it been Acted when their Tryal was, or when the most impudent Affirmation of the Doctor's Resurrection was found to be so nauseous a Lye, might probably have lasted many Days longer.

The Plot and Turns which you will find in the reading it are new, and entirely my own Invention: A thing of which nature in Play-writing, is not in every Author's Power to perform. The Characters are drawn as near as with Decency and good Manners they could be; and being extremely heightned by the sprightly and uncommon Humor and Action of Mrs. Bicknel, who did the Prophetess, gave extraordinary Satisfaction to the impartial Spectators in general.

My Intention in writing this Comedy was very serious and moral, and grounded on a Resolution, encourag'd by some, both wise and learned Persons, which was to expose the ridiculous Attempt of some Impostors, to set up for true Prophets, undermine reveal'd Religion, and covertly allure the Mob to favour the late Invasion, and the Pretender's Interest: To which End the Plot is drawn in a graver Method than usual; no loose Intriguing, Cuckold-making, &c. which generally stuff other Plays, and that way succeed with the Audience, being here shewn at all; and if some few Words, or any accidental Indecency happen in the Action, it was only thro' want of heed and not Design.

The Ladies I humbly thank 'em were very favourable to me (except one or two particular, whose great Niceness in finding out what to perfect a reserv'd Character they should not understand too well made, judge unjustly) the rest came to encourage me. And I do humbly assure them, that notwithstanding a few Mole-hill Faults, which

P R E F A C E.

Some would make Mountains. The Plot was design'd modestly to divert them with a Novelty not seen before; for which reason I chang'd the lewd Character of Betty G—y (who the Play-house, and half the Town besides knew before her pretended Inspiration to be Scandalous and Abominable) into Betty Plotwell, the Name of the Prophetess in my Play; who tho' guilty of one Failure, thro' too much Love, yet repents and resolves against all Conversation in that kind agen, and then wittily insinuating her self amongst the Agitators, regains her Lover's Estate, and afterwards him for her Husband; which Alteration was wholly design'd and made, as fearing the original nauseous Character would jock the virtuous part of the Female Audience.

A couple of bloody Male Criticks I have met with too; but yet for all their barbarous assassinating Attempts, am both Sound and Heart-whole: The one styles himself the Author of Tunbridge-walks, who dully forgetting the Plotless and trifling Quality of that, the worse Management of another Piece of his, where he has conjuring brought Oxford upon Hampsted-heath; and his Abuse of the fair Sex, Call'd the Fine Ladies Airs, lately shewn and deservedly bish—yet in a Prologue given to another—tho' he never could write one tolerable for himself unprovok'd, has thought fit to shake his Dirt upon me; but I have Contempt enough to answer his Injustice, and so shall leave him. The other is a profound Coffee-house Wit whom I shall pretend to undeceive, at some hour of Leisure; and in the mean time assure him, that if ever the Town has the Honour to peruse any of his Dramatick Productions, which I very much doubt, he will be in great danger of hanging down his Dogmatical Head; and being pellited by some of his Brethren, blush for defect in writing as well as my self. The best Proof a Gentleman can give of his true judging a Play is by writing a Piece of that kind himself; but if his Capacity fails to do Justice in point of Poetry (let his Confidence brave it out as he please) he shall never make me believe that it can do right in point of Criticism.

The Kindness shewn by Mr. Rich in letting me be the first to raise the Prizes for my Benefit, was not only advantageous to me, but a farther Encouragement to future Authors likewise; and since that Matter came off so well, I shall easily be induc'd to slight my too sharp-sighted Supervisors; and for a farewell only put them in mind of adapting to themselves Mr. Dryden's Couplet,

Criticks like Fleas, so little and so light,

You could not know they live, but that they bite.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Bradshaw.

Long have the Wise and Zealous of the Nation,
With Labour strove to fix a Reformation.
We Players too, to form us to grave Rules,
Have oft been lash'd, as Dunces are at Schools.
Suffer'd a strange Castration of our Plays,
For venting Rampant Fokes in former Rampant Days.

* The Priests of old Times, we are taught to know,
Would punish with Fox-tail's indulgent Blow,
And to a prostrate Sinner Favour shew.

* Left out to please the
Actress.

But we, not us'd in such a gentle manner,
Found Bishop Co—— worse than Bishop Bonner.

So dreadful too of late have been the Furies
Of our reforming Masters, and Grand Furies:

No sprightly Jest must from our Actors come,
Nor any thing that was not meer hum drum:

No touch on Fools, or Factions they will spare,
Nay th' have cry'd down with over zealous Care,
Our dear St. Bartlemew, and St. May-Fair.

Howe'er, for some Irreverence shewn the Church,
As Children whipt, do blubbering kiss the Birch;
We truckle with profound Humility,
Presenting now a moral Comedy.

And dedicate to grave religious Rulers,
A Piece that ridicules their Ridiculers.

As stroling Vagabonds in Country Fairs
Shew Lyons, grinning Apes and foaming Bears,
We bring a monster from the Camizars.
Who with the Romish Secret doz'd the Nation,
And taught our Idiots here, the knack of Agitation.
Hiccups and heaves and groaning Respiration.

[Canting.

Since Fops and Filts then, now make an old Tale,
And Cuckold making is a Jest grown stale.

To shew ye we can work with other Tools,
We've here new Sets of Madmen and new Fools;
Who lately hither came with strange Pretences,
To gape, and quake, and hum away our Senses:
For as some Indian Snakes the Travell'd say,
By frightful gazing so enchant the Prey,
The Venom'd Power the Creature nearer draws,
Till forc'd at last to leap between his Jaws.

EPILOGUE.

*Just so, new Profelytes, our British Asses,
That saw 'em shew their Postures and Grimaces,
Thought Heaven inspir'd their making bellish Faces.
Yet this is their new way of saving Souls,
And draws our Coxcombs after 'em in Shoals.
Lawyers, Physicians, Mob, Men of Estate,
The Wise, the Fool, the Crooked and the Straight.
'Tis such the Poet has expos'd to day,
And if you bring good Humour to the Play,
Not Scaramouch himself could please you better,
Nor famous Harlequin of comick Nature,
Shew more Fools Tricks, than our Arch Agitator.*

EPILOGUE, by Mrs. BICKNEL and Mrs. PORTER.

O*F all the Maggots that infest the Brain,
Our Poet has the strangest, I'll maintain:
For that this Play should be design'd for taking,
Without Intrigue, or Smut, or Cuckold making,
Is as unlikely, as in th' lofty Sky,
'Tis for a Buzzard without Wings to flie.
Dullness does certainly his Noddle sway,
Instead o' th' wenching humour brisk and gay,
He makes us all here, marry thro' his Play.
I mimic these craz'd Idiots to the Life,
For what pray?—why forsooth to be a Wife;
For Life-time of a Man to stand in awe,
And to be kiss'd in Bed,—according to the Law.
Selling my Liberty, for that time forth:
And whilst my Spouse is rambling South and North.
To sit at home and spin, and Lovers see no more,
When he of Punks perhaps each day has half a score.
Custom to Women, has most barb'rous been,
A Husband getting Brats——'tis thought no Sin.
His Race is not defam'd, but if poor I
Should slip and get a Bantling——then they'd cry,
Oh! hang her Jade——she shames her Family.
* Therefore good Spouse, now we have done our Jest,
Let me Elope, and be what I like best,*

* To Mr. Booth act-
ing her Husband.

EPILOGUE.

*Freedoms the happy State — you roaring Beaus,
Who for your Pleasure now sit here in Rows,
Are of my Side and Kidney — I suppose.
Value in Wives, you cannot find there's any,
You can a Quart of Milk have for a Penny.
That's true indeed, but yet some plaguy Acid,
Oft turns your Milk to a confounded Posset.
How many times too, have you curst Intrigues,
When bitter Pill has poyson'd your poach'd Eggs.
Vice will bring Plagues — yet still free single Life
I must prefer, — tho' now I act a Wife.
You Men grow Insolent to the last degree:*

[Here Mrs. Porter comes from the rest and speaks.]

Port. Nay, Mrs. Bicknel, now you provoke me;
I have a Husband here as well as you.

Bick. Well, what's the Cause the better for't d'ye know,
'Tis such a dangerous Subject, have a care.
You dare not sure defend it?

Port. But I dare.

The Poet has oblig'd --- On my Word,
He's handsome, witty, --- nay, and more --- a Lord,
A little Wild, but I'll soon bring him under:
He'll love a Wife.

Bick. Why then my Lord's a Wonder.
But Brats still squalling if we teize or fret 'em.
Lord, what is a Spouse good for?

Port. Fool, to get 'em.

Bick. Does that atone for Pains --- are coming on?

Port. Pray ask that Folly Dame, *that shakes her Fan, * Pointing to the Upper Gallery.
She has had Nineteen by a Chatham Saylor;
Yet would be stark mad should the Twentieth fail her.

Bick. Nay, now you'r Scurrilous.

Port. Well then, a Truce.

And let us both united Interest use,
To beg the Poet's Pardon of this House;
To please with Novelty, was his Design,
My Suit then for his Favour is ---

Bick. And mine.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Noble,	Witty and Generous, in Love with <i>Fidelia</i> .	Mr. Powell.
Sir Charles Courtly,	Town-bred, and a polite Courtier, in Love with <i>Clora</i> .	Mr. Mills.
Squire Whimsy,	A Whimsical Crooked Gentleman, who admires the Prophets.	Mr. Norris.
Ned Whimsy,	An honest brave Captain, Friend to Lord Noble.	Mr. Booth.
Zekiel Magus,	A grand Impostor and Sham Prophet.	Mr. Johnson.
Father Marrogn,	A Knavish French Camizar and Priest.	Mr. Boen.
Scire Facias,	A Lawyer, another Sham Prophet.	Mr. Cary.
Limbeck,	A Chymist, and Follower of the Impostors.	Mr. Bullock.
Sal Magottile,	A humourous Doctor, very Talkative and Whimsical.	Mr. Fairbank.
Solid,	Steward to Lord Noble.	Mr. Birket.
Cub Devilng,	A Blackmoor Footman to Lord Noble.	Mr. Pack.
Dobbin and Davy,	Two other Footmen.	

W O M E N.

<i>Fidelia</i> ,	Daughter to <i>Magus</i> .	Mrs. Porter.
<i>Clora</i> ,	Her Companion, very freakish in Love Matters.	Mrs. Bradshaw
Betty Plotwell.	A witty good-natur'd Girl, of honest Inclinations tho' perverted by <i>Ned Whimsie</i> , whom she loves; she is let into the secret Roguery of the Sham Prophets by <i>Marrogn</i> , who designs to debauch her, pretending Inspiration, at last by her Cunning puts a Trick upon the Squire, gets <i>Ned's</i> Estate from him, and then her Lover for her Husband.	Mrs. Bicknel.
Kate Spunge,	An Hostess at <i>Enfield</i> .	Mrs. Powell.
Mrs. Guicum,	Widow to a late Physician, one of the Prophets.	Mrs. Willis.

Prophetical Agitators Men and Women, Taylor, Carter, Smith, Cobler, Countryman, Servants, Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

SCENE *Enfield and Bunbil-fields.*

T H E

Modern Prophets:

O R,

New W I T for a Husband.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Chamberlain unbutton'd and ungarter'd, Lord Noble, Ned Whimsey, Solid, Cub, Dobbin, and Davy.

Cham. 'T **I**S the best Room in the House my Lord that's clean, I beg your Lordship's Pardon, we didn't expect Company so early.

Lord. 'Tis a delicious Morning *Ned*, and I think we have made quick Work on't; to come from *London* to *Enfield* in an Hour and two Seconds, is pretty tolerable driving. My Cousin *Phæbus* and I, have now, I think, been near upon a Level, and my brown *Bays* have run almost as fast as his bright *Manes*.

Ned. My Lord, you have been even with him another way too, for if he has been toying all Night with his pretty Landlady *Thetis*; so has your Lordship with sweet little *Jenny* at the *Thatcht-House*, but then for lovely Eyes, Lips and Liquor you have out-done him clearly.

Lord. 'Gad the *Chace* here has an admirable hungry Air in't, and I find my self so little mortify'd with sitting up, that my Stomach begins to put me in mind of a Breakfast already: Hah!

B

— *Solid*,

—*Solid*, what thinks your Gravity of that Matter, you that were at Roost the former part of the Night, dreaming on your Accompts, would a Shoulder of good Venison grilliado'd, with a Sauce properly adapted have any false Orthography in't.

Solid. No, my Lord, in my Opinion it would rather be very Elegant ; but yet methinks a little Sleep——

Lord. Sleep! that ever any Fellow that had Understanding enough to cast up twenty Shillings without Counters should blirt out such a simple thing— Sleep! *Hellebore* and *Poppies*, don't we dozing in't waste out three quarters of our short Span, during our Life-time, Sot.

Ned. Oh! not a word more of Sleep therefore good Mr. *Solid*, look there's a terrible Image of it before thy Eyes ; do but see what a nauseous Figure that *Todpole* makes, and never sleep agen, dear *Solid*, never sleep agen if thou lov'st me. [*Looking on Cub*.

Cub. Yaw——— [*Yawns*.]

Lord. Hey *Deviling*—*Cub*, d'ye hear Sirrah, open your dark Windows, put your Jaws to their right Use, and yawn for the Hostess to come hither.

Cub. Hostess, yaw——— [*Yawns*.]

Lord. Look'e *Solid*, be wise and edify, would any thing but a downright Devil desire sleep after this mortifying Object.

Solid. Nature's Courtesies to that Wretch, Heaven knows, are very little, and your Lordship endeavours to make 'em leffer still : That Carcass, as undeserving as it is, wants some refreshing ; yet you may see by his Nodding and Yawning it has an admirable way of shifting off Danger, I confess; for he slipt down three times between the Wheels as we came along, and yet contriv'd to rear his Muzzle and scramble up again ; faith my Lord, since 'tis your Pleasure to let him drink and be sawcy with ye, e'en let him have the Solace of a Hay-loft an hour or two this Morning, for I see by his Behaviour here, that a Bed and he have been Strangers for a considerable while.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lord. What, ha — you—Mooncalf.

Solid. Rouze Cloudy, and do what my Lord would have ye.

Cub. What a plague ails ye all——yaw.——

Ned. You must go and call the Hostess, d'ye hear sweet, Face ?

Cub. Damn the Hostess——prethee let him fend *Whey-face* there, he has paid her many a Reckning, he can ferret her, he knows all her Holes.

Solid.

Solid. Very well Sir.

Cub. So, I find I am out of Favour already, hark'e *Charles*, always, whene'er he turns up his Mouth, North and by West, as it does now, then no Butter is to stick upon my Bread; and if I want half a Piece to be rais'd upon my Quartridge, I may as well desire him to raise the Devil, and turn his Horns into *Ingot*s for me, and as soon he will do it; there's no Consolation forth-coming, not a Doit, your Honour has not a Sock of Money then.

Lord. Oh! Sirrah, Money coming is always consequent to Service perform'd: Now if it be your noble Inclination to abound in Drink, and abate in Diligence, would you have my Steward give occasion for your Debauches, ye Rascal?

Cub. No, pox take me if there be the least occasion in the World for that, your Honour's an admirable Tutor in that Science, without the help of your Steward: But after all, *Charles*, to shew I'm good-natur'd, come tip me a Crown to spite old *Whey-face* there, and let's be Friends.

Ned. Nay, not before your Errant's done; faith, friend *Cub*, this lazy Humour is pernicious to your Health; go rouze up the Hostess, and then perhaps I may petition for ye.

Lord. No, no, let him yawn on and be damn'd, I'll employ his Fellow there—hey, you *Yorkshire*, move this way a little.

Cub. Ay, let him—if the Morning's Draught I gave him will give him leave—look'e, *Charles*, I'm an Officer of Merit, and can't brook to have another put into Employment over my Head; you shall see, how you like him—ho *Dobbin*—Brother Complexion, dost hear, let thee and I get a Bridle, and go and steal a Horse to't, by'r lady; and then hey for brown *Moggy*, and a full Pot of Stingo ye Rogue, ha,—shall we dear Dog. [*Kisses him.*]

Ned. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lord. There's a rare Rascal. Prithee *Solid* let 'em throw him into the Horse-pond by way of a cooler.

[*Solid thrusts him out.*]

But come, sure the tother there is sober, he can go of an Errand.

Dev. No, *Charles*, no, not if there's a Sentence of five Words and a half in't: I tell thee, if thou wilt wear a Brilland Diamond, thou must stick to me still.

Lord. How so, ye Poltroon.

Dev. Why as I made your *Yorkshire-Tyke* drunk, so Nature has made your *Welch-runt* there a Fool, and a Message by him in two broken Languages, like a damn'd Fricassee of Chickens and Frogs—will be understood by no body, and turn every bodies Stomach,—Observe *Charles*—Now Cousin *Tavy*, can her go with fery crete Dilligence and Cunnings, and pring her Hostess by the Lugs and the Noses, — to her cood Lord's Urship? Speak to the Matter, I pray you now cood Cousin *Tavy*. *Charles*, I told ye his Understanding was Tongue-ty'd, look'e.

Dev. *Then three merry Boys are we,
Then three merry Boys are we,
But I am the best, and must be carest
And so let me have my Fee.*

But yet to shew ye that some of us are Vertuoso's, and being thoroughly awake, and having drawn a Scene of some of the Family, I'll sing ye a new Song made in Praise of us, and then go and throw a Rocket into Bed to my Hostess, and make her bolt immediately. [Exit Devil.

*Cub's SONG, with two other Footmen in the
First Act.*

1 Foot. 2 Foot. 3 Foot.

Chorus. **T**Hree merry Boys, and three merry Boys
And three merry Boys are we,
But I am the best
And should be carest
And so let me have my Fee.

I.

Cub. **W**E London Valets all are Creatures
No Modern Beau can live without,
Who tho' the Devil be in our Natures,
Divinely bring Intrigues about:
We wait, we run,
Cajole each Dun,
Who threatens with the Laws Disasters;
In Taverns snore
On Bench till four;

New WIT for a Husband.

5

*We bring the Miss
For Morning bliss,
And sometimes snack her with our Masters.
Then three merry Boys, &c.*

II.

*At Seasons, when the Senate's sitting,
We Mimick each Law-maker there,
Without Doors those within outwitting,
And act the Speaker in the Chair.
With Votes and Pleas
And Means and Ways
We Ape the Legislative Furies,
At th' end o'th' Day
We see a Play,
There full of Ale
The Gallery Scale,
And roar and clatter like the Furies.
Then three merry Boys, &c.*

III.

*Oftimes by Order 'tis our Duty
To go to th' Play-House and keep Rooms,
There Cheek by Jole we sit with Beauty
And out-do clearly all Perfumes:
Or if no Play
Will please that Day,
We're hurry'd straight to Hide-Park-Corner,
There Crambo sing
Of all the Ring,
What wanton Wives
Lead modish Lives,
And who's the Cuckold, who's the Horner.
Then three merry Boys, &c.*

Ned. Was there ever such a mixture of Gold and Dross!—
Ingenuity particular———

Solid. And Impudence in Abundance, pray Sir don't forget
to add that too.

Lord. Thou'lt laugh *Ned*, when thou hear'st, that these three
were

were recommended to me by three intimate Friends, for Persons of great Understanding and Probity, tho' upon Proof scarce worthy of a Dog Collar, especially two of 'em, since you see the only calling the Hostess hither, has been a grand Matter of such Weight. Oh! here I think she comes of her own accord.

Enter Kate Spunge.

Kate. Good morrow to your Lordship; good lack a Day, that this careless Fellow should shew your Honour no better a Room! Why *Robin, Robin*, ah shame on ye.

Lord. Oh! *Kate*, good morrow, no matter, no matter, this will serve very well.

Kate. Oh fie! I protest it shan't, my Lord — Why *Robin*, I say let the *Rose* or the *Tyger* be clean'd out for his Lordship immediately: Noble Captain your Servant. I've a word to speak with you Sir, but good lack my Head is so full of my Butcher's Bill, and my Cellar-man, and my Husband that lies lame yonder; and this and that, and t'other, that I had almost forgot — I beg your Lordship's Pardon — Your Ear a little pray Sir. [*To Ned.*

Ned. Oh! speak out, speak out good Mrs. *Spunge*, I keep no Secrets from my dear Lord here.

Kate. Why then Sir, there's a Gentlewoman below that lodges here, knowing you came in my Lord's Coach, desires to speak with ye.

Lord. Ha, hah, *Ned*, What has little *Betty* found thee out already?

Ned. Even so, my Lord; I sent her a Letter Yesterday, that I would be here, and the loving Gipsy I see keeps touch to a Minute; I know she has some News for me about my confounded Uncle, and the Sham-Prophets; I'll dispatch her presently, my Lord — but I must go. [*Exit Ned.*

Lord. Well, *Kate*, and how go Matters since I saw thee last? — Come you may speak before my Steward, he's let into the Secret: What News from my dear Charmer? have you had any Talk about me lately, any new hopes my good Friend hah?

Kate. Why really, my Lord, the more I look on ye, I think I may say, begging your Lordship's Pardon, the plainer I see the Lines of good Fortune in your Face: You're an extreme lucky Person certainly; and the last Queen *Anne's* Guinea your Lordship gave me for handsel, I remember prov'd particularly so to me too; Syder-Claret went off for *French* Wine without Scruple;

Scruple; Pale Beer was call'd for Bottle after Bottle; Brandy, Noggen after Noggen; and this and that and t'other, all things went so pat methought all the rest of the Day.

Lord. Oh! well remember'd, and they shall go as pat the rest of this Day too then,—for here's another *Queen Anne*, and I'll warrant as lucky as that for the Soul on't.

Kate. Oh me! no pray my Lord,—humh—well I vow I would not receive it, but your Lordship really is so very lucky a Person, that one knows not how to refuse; besides I think 'tis not good Manners to dispute with one of your Lordship's Quality.

Solid. Hugh, very good, Gold is a rare Civility, Mr.

Lord. Pho, pox, you know you and I, *Kate*, were always free and familiar; come prethee, what says my dear *Fidelia*?

Kate. What says she! a great many fine Things I assure your Lordship—she was here Yesterday with Mr. *Magus* her Father, and a *French* Prophet that lodges here—hark in your Ear, a Jesuite 'gad they say he is,—and Ringleader of the first that came hither, and manages the *Pretender's* Affairs, the Invasion, and the Risings, and this and that and t'other. Odslife he has a plaguy Head they say.

Lord. So.——

Kate. And then to visit them came in several other of the Prophets as they call themselves, here was Mr. *Firey facias* the Lawyer—*Tom Limbeck* the Chymist, then one *Mag Maggot*—I think they call him.

Lord. Oh! *Sal Maggattile*—I believe thou mean'st a strange Whimsical Operator, half crack-brain'd about a Drug of his own making. But *Fidelia*, *Kate*, *Fidelia*.——

Kate. Pray my Lord hear me a little; then there was a crooked, bandy-leg'd Gentleman, one 'Squire *Crump*, the Captain's Uncle they say he is.

Lord. Ay, ay, pox on him he is so; but *Kate*—

Kate. And here my Lord they groan'd, and sigh'd, and puff'd, and blow'd, and star'd like so many stuck Pigs, and then they talkt of outward Grace, and inward Grace, and no Grace at all; and then of the Sense, and the solid Parts, and of the Soul, and this and that and t'other, till at last one of 'em fell into a strange kind of a Fit, they have a hard Word for't—Tation or Potation.

Lord. Agitation, *Kate*, Agitation.

5

Kate.

Kate. Right my Lord, Agitation—as I'm a Christian at first I thought he was Drunk, and was bringing in some of my own Water to settle his Stomach.

Lord. Well, prethee leave him in his Fit, dear *Kate*, and once more to *Fidelia*, pretty *Fidelia*.

Kate. Ay, pretty *Fidelia* indeed ; for to say the Truth, tho' they are my Customers, and really fool away a pretty deal of Money, and so one must be wiser you know then to laugh at 'em to their Faces, yet she and I when we got alone did it to some purpose.

Lord. So then, thou wert alone with her, and what Discourse prithee ?

Kate. Something that was not against your Lordship's Interest you may believe ; why we talkt of black Men, and fair Men, and of the Benefit of Complexions, of tall and short, and middle-siz'd Husbands, and this and that and t'other ; and then I call'd for a Bottle of my *Vin de Celestius*, for I was resolv'd to make her drink your Lordship's Health, I have scor'd ye up a little my Lord,—but a Guinea my Lord.

Lord. Oh ! *Bagatelle*, with all my Heart *Kate*.

[Pulls out his Purse.

Solid. D'fdeath, I begin to sweat.

[aside.

Kate. I vow, my Lord, I'm half asham'd.

Solid. I vow you Lie, you are not at all asham'd. [aside.

Lord. But hark'e *Kate*, I know thou art a Wit—could'st not thou contrive a meeting in the *Chace*, between me and the dear Party ? Come, I know thou can'st ; thou art a Creature of incomparable Contrivance.

Kate. Ah, that will be very difficult, my Lord, for she's the Darling you know and watcht ; and then to bring such a Thing about, what shall I say to her.

Lord. Say to her, why talk of the fine Deer, and Fawns, and the Rabbits, and the Bushes, and the Bird's-nests, and this and that and t'other, you know.

Kate. Well that's true indeed my Lord—od'ssife I had almost forgot, your Lordship has not tasted yet of my *Vin de Celestius*—what a Dunce am I,—below there—*Job* bring a Flask of my Wine here quickly—Oh ! he's ready with it I see. [Enter Drawer with Flask.] I order'd it when your Lordship came in—I know your Lordship loves a Rarity.

Lord.

Lord. Most certainly——Come then let's see this Rarity.
[*takes a Glass.*] This then I think, makes it two Guineas——
there—— [*Gives Money.*

Kate. No more my Lord,—good lack, who would not praise
your Lordship's ready Wit.

Solid. His Lordship's ready Money—the Carion means.

Lord. Come *Kate*, here's the dear Creature's Health. [*Drinks.*

Kate. With all my Soul, and 'tis a dear Creature indeed.
[*She takes a Glass.*] With his Lordship's leave, Mr.——
my Service to you,— [*To Solid.*

Solid. Oh! pray excuse me Mrs. — I'm somewhat Indispos'd
this Morning—— I'm Heart-burnt, and out of order.

Kate. Heart-burnt! d'slife I'll cure ye presently — *Job* — go
run and fetch a Pint of my last *Coignac* Brandy, that was sent
me from Major, what d'e call him in the City; I'll scrape a
little of my *Indian* Nutmeg into't; then take off but half a pint
Glas on't, you shall be well in a Minute, Sir.

Solid. Be drunk in a Minute you mean, — *Job*, you may
spare your Pains.

Kate. By my Faith not to do you good, run *Job*—hark'e, Sir,
don't trust to ignorant Apothecaries — they'll tell ye of *Crab's*
Eyes, Chalk of *Oyster-shell*—*Apricock-kernels* dry'd, and this and
that and t'other; but Sir do but try one Quart of my *Coignac*.—

Solid. Brimstone and Fire, she has half burnt me up with
the very naming on't.

Kate. Od'sme, the Captain rings— My Lord I'll wait on ye
in a twinkling—I know your Lordship dines here to Day, and
you shan't want for good Dressing nor Diligence; I'll receive
your Lordship's Instructions presently my Lord—— Coming,
coming there. [*Exit Kate.*

Lord. This Creature, as I will manage her, *Solid*, I don't
doubt but to make answer my Ends at last,—— Thou know'st
this *Magus*, this—Prophet as he now calls himself, has cheated
me of a considerable part of my Estate; thou know'st too, that
the chief Business I have now brought thee hither for, is to
take up more Money upon the last Mortgage,— well, be it so
— If I can but under-hand get this Daughter of his,—— his
Heirefs, his All—who I already know, wishes me well enough,
— what then *Solid*, hah— how will Matters go then—

Solid. Ay, my Lord,—were this done, Matters would go well indeed; but this damn'd Jilt Fortune you know is so plaguy fickle.

Lord. Oh! prithee speak with Reverence of her, she's my very good Friend faith—go, go as I order'd thee,—and invite the Usuring Rascal to Dinner, with what Friends he thinks fit; we must carry Things fair with him, whatever we think — Let me have Venison— and some good Fish, d'e hear.

Solid. Yes, my Lord.

Lord. And then of what Fowl is in Season, before I have some of the best.

Solid. Yes, my Lord——but

Lord. And the Desert, let it be nice, d'e hear— I hate Ill Fruit mortally—I order'd some of the Queen's Musick to come down too let 'em be entertain'd.

Solid. Yes, my Lord——but

Lord. But what! prithee don't oppose my Humour with simple Cautions.

Solid. This will cost a great deal of Money—and if we do take up more, and make this Horse-leech disgorge a little, all will be his at last— Why here's three Guineas gon in two Minutes to the Hostess, for a flim flam, a Pint of *Vin de Celestius* with a pox to her; faith my Lord, begging your Pardon, 'twas too much.

Lord. 'Pshaw, no matter— never doubt but I shall quickly be repaid: Love's my venture, and the Rich Vessel stands fair for the Port, remember *Fidelia*, *Solid*; think on that, whilst I

*Like a frank Gamester, careless of what's past,
Receive all, by one lucky push at last.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Ned Whimsy, and Betty Plotwell.

Betty. Thus far, dear *Ned*, I have proceeded for thy sake already.

Ned. Thou art the Miracle of thy Sex. But prithee tell me, has the grave Fool my Uncle so greedily swallow'd the Bait; that he believes thou canst Prophecy.

Betty.

Betty. Most venerably: I tell thee Child, the Ancient Sybils were nothing to me in his Opinion: I'm a rare Actress you must know, and perform my Rants, and my Groans, my Flights, and my Fancies with exact Method: I manage my Soap for Foaming, better than any Eastern Gipsy; and have so pretty a Trick to make my Belly swell, you would admire my dear.

Ned. Ay, ay, as to that pretty Trick my dear——

Betty. Nay, if you pervert my honest Meaning, *Neddy*, you'll put me out of Humour; you know my Inclinations tend to Good; and as my too fond Love gave you an Ascendency over my Virtue, so I expect your Gratitude for the good Turn I may do you in retrieving your Estate from your Uncle, shall give a new Proof of your Affection.

Ned. I'll not fail thee upon my Honour; trick but my Uncle handsomely, and secure the Assets, so that we may live comfortably together, and I'll put on the Conjugal Yoke, and draw as comfortably with thee as if I had been Fatten'd at the Stall, and fed for the Purpose.

Betty. Why then Wit and Fortune for me, by this Light I'll do my endeavour; and to encourage me a little, you must know, that I'm gotten of late very much into the crooked Disciple's Favour; I'm also grown a great Agitator, and sometimes when the Fit is on me, he'll sit two hours by and take Notes.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha,— why this is almost beyond belief. Prithce, how didst contrive to get into such Credit.

Betty. Why faith, my Dear, very Providentially, which makes me hope the better Success: Know then that amongst the Jesuitical Society of the *French Prophets*, who were no better nor worse than a Set of Rascals sent over to advance the *Pretender's* Interest, by infatuating the Mob; there was one Father *Marogue*.

Ned. *Marogue* had been a Name fitter for his Character I believe.

Betty. Who lodging at a Friend's House that I frequented, chanc'd to throw his Oaglers upon me; I presently knew the Hound lov'd Mutton, for he was for worrying me at first sight.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha. So, prithce go on.

Betty. As soon as e'er he could get me alone, in a confounded Jargon, between *French* and *English*— he begins with— *Madam, par ma foy* you be de ver fine Person, me have some Skill

in Physiognomy, and tell you dat your Forehead signify Title, de sparkling of your Eye Command and Power; your Nose and Mout confirm you vor de Countess, and your white Breast is one charmant Pillow vor de plus grand Prince d' *Europe*.

Ned. Ah,— the Rogue was in Rapture— proceed, my Dear.

Betty. I finding the Woodcock was resolv'd to be caught prepar'd my Gin accordingly; and in short in a few Days time manag'd him so well, with hopes of future Favours, that the Secrets of the whole Fraternity was laid open to me; amongst which the chousing your Uncle was one material Design, if the intended Invasion should happen to take no Effect.

Ned. These are the Rascal's Inspirations— with a pox to 'em. And so with seeing them counterfeit Roguery, thou hast learnt to mimick 'em, hah.

Betty. Most exactly, I can hold my Breath till I make myself as big as if I had a Tympany, turn up the Whites of my Eyes like a Quaker in a Trance, and make as many comical Faces as a *Scaramouck* or *Harlequin*; ah, this Devil of a Priest has been a rare Tutor.

[*Marogne below.*] Madamosele ete vous la, van Word ved you je vous prie——

Betty. Od'slife, he's at the Stair-foot, step into that Closet there, and perhaps you may hear what will divert ye. You may come Father, if you please. [*Ned goes into the Closet.*]

Enter Marogne.

Mar. Bonjour ma cher, how you do dis Morning, vat pretting have been dream of dis Night, egh— Come tell me, come, and let me touch dat white soft melting piece of de Flesh your Hand— ah, tout charmant tout ravissant en verite pret Rogue.

[*Kissing her Hand.*]

Betty. You are in a very good Humour I find Father, did any good News come down last Night.

Mar. Oh!—fort bon, fort bon ma cher, the Chevalier is land in *Scotland*, and is so receive 'dat he have been drunk already with all the Highland Lords; and ecote, le grand Roy mon Maitre have positively promise fur son parol Royal to all de Prince his Neighbour, dat he shall be proclaim at *Edinburgh-Cross* to morrow— and Crown at *Londres* dis Day fortnight, egh——

Betty. So soon! why this will be extremely Expeditious.

Mar.

Mar. Ah,—ma cher 'tis one Affair of de grand Consequence, and I vil tell you, dat de Pope is at de Bottom, he have lent de Chevalier on grand Sum a cet heur, and you may be sure dere is de ver deevla of Design ven ever he part vid his Money.

Betty. Well Father, I expect a swinging Title and Fortune for acting my part of a Prophetess so well, when you come into your Glory.

Mar. Ah!—parbleiu my Princess, my Queen, vat you please. De Chair of *Rome* vas made by Providence to be place on de Neck of de Hereticks, and of all oder King and Potentates: You may read in Story of one Emperour, whose Back was make de Foot-stool vor one Pope to mount his Arfs, let one oder Emperour look toot; me say noting, give me your Hand once more pret rogue, egh, morblieu—you sal be mount too.

Betty. Oh!—rare Priest ——— [aside.

Mar. You sal look down upon de grand Dutcheffs and Lady — vor ecote ——— I no doubt in little time to climb upon de Shoulder of some Prince, Elector mine self—egh——

Betty. I think your Fraternity all love riding very much, Father.

Mar. Yes, truly Honey, dat is ver true—let de Mob dat taka de Instruction, beat de hoof de Priest dat give de Instruction must ride; de Pope must ride, de Cardinal must ride, and me must ride, egh—fort raisonable I love vor ride so well ma cher, dat ah—Rogue, Rogue— [Goes to embrace and tickle her.

Betty. That he would even ride me I believe.

Mar. But come, de time vil no let me proceed, adieu, adieu, me must make haste vor meet Monsieur *Magus*, and all de Prophets about one grand Affair — sheat begar — ecote you must be dere vor act your Part ——— de more Knavery de more Money, pret Rogue—one touch more. [Kisses her Hand.] So, now me go—make haste, make haste ma cher. [Exit Marogne.

Betty. Ay, ay, Father, I'll be there presently—Go thy ways for as true a Son of *Belial*, as ever travell'd to *Belzebub* by the Road of holy Hypocrisie——Now Captain, what d'ye think of my Ghostly Monitor.

Enter Ned, from the Closet.

Ned. Why, I think Child, if ever *Belzebub* whom thou hast just nam'd intends to conquer Mankind with an Army of Fiends, he ought to make a Jesuite the Captain of 'em: D'sdeath, what a rank Rogue is this!

Betty

Betty. His Love I confess is seldom attended with any great Fragrancy.

Ned. Hang him, Polcat; and wilt thou Sacrifice him to me, dear *Betty*?

Betty. Will you be grateful to me, dear Captain?

Ned. As the Body to the Hands that feed it.

Betty. And will you love me?

Ned. Most constantly, as I love the dear Senses of Sight and Feeling.

Betty. Without ever twitting me of past Frailty?

Ned. Frailty! thou'rt Angelical, and thy Love shall be my Paradise.

Betty. Without ever hankering after Forbidden-Fruit in any other, Captain?

Ned. Ah, impossible! I shall relish in thee whatever Appetite can covet.

Betty. Give me your Hand.

Ned. There, and Heart too with this, and this [*Kisses her*] as an Earnest of Happiness to come.

Betty. So,——this is something; and I take your Earnest as a lucky Omen —— I must make haste and go dress me in my Inspir'd Garb. And now methinks my Fit of Prophecy comes upon me—— observe.

[In a canting tone.]

E'er three Days end, remember I shall say't

Full of the Spirit, and like the Mouth of Fate

I have kiss'd your self into a good Estate.

[Exeunt Laughing and Embracing.]

End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Solid, solus.

Solid. **A** True Prophet, and an honest Usurer in one and the same Person, I think may pass for a Miracle as well as the best; therefore I expect no such here, whatever the outside may seem to insinuate: I have been this Hour soliciting my Lord's Business to the Hypocrite within, for more Money upon the last Mortgage, and could hardly get, in the Intermision of Groanings, one Word of Reply in all that time; till at last inviting him, and the rest of the Crew to Dinner, the sociable Spirit gave Permission; and new Guests coming in I'm order'd to stay here for an Answer,—— Oh! here he comes—— with his pretty Daughter,—— Bless me! and looks as if the Nightmare had been riding him a more than ordinary Journey.

Enter Magus, Fidelia, Clora, Betty and Marogne.

Mag. Daughter,——where are ye——humph.

Fidel. Here at your Elbow, Sir.

Mag. Pardon me Child, I cannot see thee.

Fidel. Not see me Sir! bless me! what, and look me full in the Face?

Mag. The Effects of Inspiration are prodigious, and sometimes operate so strongly, as to bereave us of all our Senses.

Clora. Ay, by my troth, and very frequently too.

Fidel. Hush—— the *French Prophet* hears, he's the Belweather of the Flock, you must know——he'll ba——horribly if you talk.

Clora. D'slife, who can forbear, that hears their Follies: They have their Ends of me, I confess; for at that time they make me as mad as themselves.

Betty in a tone.] Let thy Voice be screw'd up into a sanctify'd pitch; then shall the Sound be Divine, and like unto that of a Cymbal.

Solid. So, they have their *Magdalens* too amongst 'em I see; but if she had thought of an ungreas'd Cart-Weel, the Sound had been better a great deal.

Mar. Womans, holda your prate; stop your Tongue [*to Clora,*] and shew Reverence to de gran Prophet, lest you provoke de heavy Curse, egh. [*Bows to Magus.*]

Clora. Curse! prithee, a *French* Curse is an *English* Blessing, ye old Dreamer.

Mag. If the Man be here, whose Master hath the Title of Lord, let him approach.

Solid. Yes, Sir, here I am; I have been attending a great while, and desire that I may be satisfied.

Mag. Satisfied, [*groans*] humph, 'tis a Word of vast Comprehension; if a Man's irregular Desires can be bounded, 'tis a wonderful Work perform'd; and when a Woman owns she has had full Satisfaction in her Point, — Oh! 'tis a Thing of mighty Comprehension.

Solid. A very innocent Thing, I thought; but I find he's going to make it Bawdy.

Mag. For look'e, to be entirely satisfied, is to be inspir'd.

Solid. Which I shall be, I assure you, Sir, with Joy, as soon as ever this Thousand Pound is paid that my Lord desires.

Mag. Alas Friend! be it known to thee, that I have left off all worldly Matters; Money is the Filth, the Soil of the World: A Thousand Pound, humph, why 'tis nothing but a great Bag of Earth.

Solid. Ay, Sir, that's true; but 'tis a sort of Fuller's Earth, pretty enough in its Kind; for it will not only take out the Spots out of Old Clothes, but buy very fine new ones too, Sir.

Fidel. A good sensible Fellow, that; O my Conscience he laughs at my Father as much as I do.

Clora. And if the Man such Praises have, then what must he that keeps the Knave, you know? I'll warrant his Lord is a witty Man.

Mag. Yet, tho' I have (as I may say Friend) withdrawn my self from the World and its Vanities, my Daughter's Youth may a while divert with it; she has not yet had a Call — from the World: She's my Cashire Friend, apply thy Master's Occasions to her, she's ready always; she has wherewith to satisfy him.

Solid. O Lord! I don't doubt it in the least, Sir, and most incomparably too. Madam, *voulez vous plaire*——

Fidel. He understands *French* too, and laughs at my Father's last Speech by way of *double Entendre*.

Clora. I have been watching the *French Rabby* there, and the Prophetess; he has given her twenty Love-leers and Squeezes, I have told 'em. Ah, deuce take his Apostleship, if his Spirit is not of the Carnal kind, I'll ne'er wear Favourites agen.

Mag. Fidelia, go Child and deliver up the Muck that is desir'd; take *Toby Trance* my Steward with thee; the good Man was inspir'd last Night, and will be very just in casting up the Interest-Money, to a Groat: I know the Security is well, there are two Mannors ty'd for it. Alas! an Orchard of half an Acre would have done, but only for Form, and in case of Mortality. I have taken no Interest for Money, at least ten times together lately, the Spirit knows.

Solid. You have rather lately ten times together taken ten in the Hundred, the Spirit knows.

Mag. Go Friend, and tell thy Master, I accept his Invitation, and will eat with him—I must eat with him—I have some Instructions for him—he may have—'tis likely—he may have—a Call—a Call—tell him, Sol, humph.

[*Magus falls into his Fit of Agitation.*

Solid. A Call; with a few more such Calls as this, if he answers to 'em, he's undone to my Knowledge——Oh! the Fit seizes him, hey day: D'sdeath, what comical Stuff's this.

Clora. Come, prithee, my dear, dispatch the Man as soon as possible, that we may take a turn or two in the *Chace* this fine Morning: You remember the White Buck my Hostess's *Spunge* has promis'd to shew us there—with the large Horn.

Fidel. As little a Prophet as I am, I guess the Buck she meant, more capable of giving Horns then shewing 'em; but however, I believe I shall venture, for I never was afraid of 'em.

Clora. Pish, nor I neither—tho' it be in Rutting time.

[*Exeunt Fidelia, Clora and Solid.*

Betty. So, so, now they are gone, you may leave off, and I hope I may unscrew my Face, and talk like a Creature of this World—ha, Father

[*To Marogne.*

Mar. Ah, parblieu, vid de ver great Reason—ma cher, and kifs, laugh, and dat is—avec le Permission—of de grand, grand

Prophet der— ha, ha, ha,—

[*Bowing to Magus.*

Betty. Oh!— without the Seer's Leave, I grant ye our temporal Motions would be all Carnal. Come, Master now we are alone, and know our Prophetical Design is only a Roguish Trick to disturb the Nation, and advance our own Profit: Let us be merry with it amongst our selves, smooch up that Austere Furrow there, the Relick of your last Fit; and let a Woman now be chief provoker of your Agitation.

Mag. Speak softly ye Baggage, some body may chance to hear.

Betty. Ah, no fear of that, we shall hear if any body comes up Stairs—ay, that Look now is something like: A little of the sweet of mortal Frailty, mixt with the Spirit Seraphical, makes an Excellent Cordial, Master: Hark'e how does the pretty black brow'd Quaker do, that you carry'd down to your Country-House to convert, and open the Eyes of her Understanding—is she perfectly inspir'd, ha, Master?

Mar. Ha, ha, ha,—de pret Rogue, Sir, is ver sharp dis Morning, egh.

Mag. Ah,— the Hopes of being a great Lady in the new Government that's coming, makes the Gipsy as brisk as a Fly in a Honey-pot: Well, *Betty*, thou shalt rally me as thou wilt, so thou dost but manage the Crooked Squire as he deserves; and be sure to keep our Counsel.

Betty. Why look'e; as for tricking the Squire, I'm oblig'd to do't for more Reasons than one, — and as for keeping your Counsel, if I should not do't, the Party are strong enough to invalidate my Evidence, and run me down: There's none so ill a Prophet amongst ye, but can out-face me upon occasion I'm sure.

Mag. Very well, Mrs. *Pert* ——— well rally'd agen, ——— now for my part, I think Interest the best Security for thy Obligation of Trust. There's a Revolution to be; a new Change, ye Cockatrice— New Estates to be gotten, new Preferments, new Titles, new Religion, a new King, and the Devil and all when that happens.

Betty. Ah,— the Devil and all when that happens, indeed.

Mar. Bon — fort bon Monsieur — ah, parblieu — me be so ver mush overjoy — dat me forget de Reverence—and tink me could dance de Jigg ———

[*Dances about.*

Mag.

Mag. For this Reason have I Politiquely espous'd the Opinion of the *French Camisars*, who were sent hither to begin the Work; for this Reason I have wrigled my self into the Belief of a Crowd of Fools, that I'm inspir'd, and have printed and publish'd some Millions of Sentences—all—Nonsense, to amuse 'em. But tho' I have also committed to my Daughter the Management of my Estate and Money, to gain the greater Opinion of my Probity by my Neglect of the World — yet don't believe me such a Fool, but that I keep to my self at a Minute's Warning, a Power of Revocation — hah — some body knocks, look out there.

Mar. Jernie it be de Coach and Six, and two, tre, four Persons dat ride.

Mag. Odso, 'tis my Lord, he's come himself I find to invite me: I have my Hook in him, and that makes him restless — but I have Business yet with some others of our Brethren; therefore I'll take State upon me, and won't be seen.

Betty. There's — my Crooked Squire too, — he comes a Horse-back, and looks just like the Mock Human Animal, that us'd to mount at the *Bear-garden* — Odslife, and my dear Captain at last coming out of my Lord's Coach — Oh! how my Heart leaps.

Mag. In, in then quickly, for I expect some of our Cullies here presently, and we must not be seen yet — Come — *Betty* I have a new Trump too for you to play. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Noble, and Ned Whimsey.

Lord. What we han't lost your Uncle, I hope.

Ned. No, no, he only stays below to discourse a little with the Seer's Man, I believe, and to Fee him for some Divine Service: I warrant, he would not neglect the Morning Worship to his Idol Prophet, for a thousand Pound.

Lord. Bigotted Coxcomb! hark'e *Ned*, I have a thing just come into my Head, that I think may happily advance my Love-Affair: Suppose, I should bribe that Servant of his to convey my Letters to *Fidelia*, I dare swear he'd not scruple to betray his Master's Daughter, nor do ten times a worse Thing if there were Money in the Case, as holy as his Breeding is.

Ned. Ay, my Lord, that's true; but methinks this is entertaining more Lawyers in your Cause than are necessary; you know you have given my Dame *Spunge* a very good Fee already

dy about that Business ; and tho' hers is but a kind of a Tap-house Honour, yet as there is Intrigue in't, I dare warrant her Diligence ; to farther Conjunction and Copulation, ne'er doubt your true Hostess, ~~my~~ Lord ; I want her my self too, to deliver this Letter here, to your Mistress's Companion, Madam *Clora* ; 'tis from a Friend beyond Sea ; I think I told your Lordship of it.

Lord. Oh ! the young Amorous Knight, Sir *Charles Courtly*.

Ned. The same ; the poor Devil is so far out of his Depth in Love with her, that he's more than three Quarters drown'd ; he sends me his Letter open here, and desires me to add what I think fit. Now I know the Cross Vixen before he went, us'd him with all the Contempt imaginable, but he does not know that she uses me in the same manner : Whenever I'm in her Company, she pretends a general Dislike of all our Sex ; and tho' I never made Love to her, rails at me as much as if I did.

Lord. Why, perhaps that's the only real Cause, 'tis all a Jest, *Ned* ; a Woman's railing at a Man sometimes, is no more a sign of her Dislike, than her going to Church to shew a new Gown is a sign of her Devotion ; and for the angry Noise they make, — that's Dissimulation too ; they shew then a little of the Cat-kind, but you are ne'er the farther off your Ends for their Scratching and Squawling.

Ned. Thank'e for my Friend, my Lord, this reasoning is very improving : I'll read some part of his Letter, 'tis in Verse you must know ; and tho' pithy enough within, yet I find the Knight has made bold with *Hamlet* in *Shakespear* here, for a Superscription for his Letter to *Ophelia*, runs just thus, only bating the Name. [*Reads the Superscription.*] *To the Charming, and my Soul's Idol, the Beautified Clora.*

Lord. The Beautified, that's a vile Phrase, as *Nokes* us'd to say.

Enter Kate.

Kate. The beautified *Clora* ! Odso, are ye thereabouts, Captain, I'll listen a little, 'tis a Love-Letter of his I'm sure.

Ned reads.] *Mortals that in this Transient Station move,
Place still their chiefest Happiness in Love:*

*As others then, so I must own it too,
Since, Dearest, all my Joys are fixt in you.
Forgive me if a Flame I bluntly own
Too Powerful to be kept from being shewn:
Nor value me the less if I reveal
What were the worst of Torments to conceal.*

Kate entring.] Very pretty 'faith, Captain; and I assure you Madam *Clora* is very much in the Wrong if she does not value ye, and highly too; why hang me like a Dog, ye're a very fine Poet, Captain.

Lord. So, this Mistake is proper enough, let it pass, *Ned*, she'll be the more diligent in doing what thou'dst have her.

Ned. I think so, — Ah, *Kate*, thou see'st what Mankind dwindles to, 'tis in vain to resist, these bewitching Women will make riming Asses of us all, sooner or later: Here since thou art come so luckily, prithee do so much for me to seal it, and give it her.

Kate. With all my Heart, Captain, for I shall have an Opportunity presently. Lord! how cunningly you Men can talk of Flames, and Smoak, and Joys, and Torments; and this and that and t'other; well, hang me like a Dog, you'r strange insinuating Creatures.

Lord. Well, honest *Kate*; but now what of my Affair, hast done what I desir'd? Thou'rt in a rare Humour I see.

Kate. Have I, ah, my Lord, you shall never know me fail in doing a good Turn, — your Mistress will call in her Coach at my House within this half Hour, to order some Things for her Father, and from thence will be taking the Air in the *Chace* about Eleven.

Lord. Why there spoke my better Genius, and I'll be sure to be there: Ah, 'twas plain — I saw thou wert in Humour, and knew Joyful News must follow.

Kate. Ah, hang me like a Dog, not in so good Humour neither, only resolv'd to be brisk in your Lordship's Affair; for my plaguy Husband has so fretted me this Morning.

Lord. How, prithee? What has gouty Matrimony done to offend? Ha.

Kate. Why, you must know, my Lord, that I'm an immoderate lover of *Picket*, because 'tis a genteel Game you must know,
and

and so I wanted four half Guineas to make up my Set of Counters ; I have been begging every Day this half Year for 'em, and the niggardly Hunks deny'd me this Morning, point blank.

Ned. So, she has baited her Hook agen to catch more Gud-geons. [*aside.*]

Lord. Hugh, was he so barbarous, — may his old Enemy the Stone cramp him for't I say ; but look'e, *Kate*, tho' I have no half Guineas, yet as a kind Friend to spite this Hunks-Husband, there's Two whole Guineas for thee ; and do but get a hollow Punch, and a Smith's Hammer, and thou may'st make 'em Counters as thou wilt.

Ned. Ay, and to spite the Old Niggard the more, the Circles Overplus of 'em, will serve thee for two Thumb Rings.

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, well hang me like a Dog, that's very Ingenious agen, and a thousand Thanks to your Lordship ; I shall ne'er make ye amends ——— [*Curtseys to him.*] But I'll manage some body ——— I'll talk to her of Generosity and Feature, and Shape, and Humour ; and this, and that and t'other, I'll warrant ye, my Lord, let me alone, ha, ha, ha. I'll make haste. [*Exit Kate.*]

Lord. Ah, — the Gold makes her spin about like a Top : But Captain, the Squire stays long methinks ; I fancy thou hast said something to put him out of Humour.

Ned. Hang him ——— I only gave him a hint of my late Request, which was to remit me a poor hundred Pounds for my Equipage this next Campaign. I'm sure he may afford it well enough out of the Estate he keeps from me ; and at the very mention on't he turn'd as white as my Shirt.

Lord. Oh ! I shall make him redden, I warrant, when I talk to him : I think here he comes.

Enter Squire Crump and tall Servant.

Squire. Brother, for I ought to call thee so, as being Servant to the great Prophet ; besides the Gratuity given below. I once more thank thee for thy welcome Message, thy very welcome Message — I also beg thee to see what Dispatch I'll make in't, I have already sent for the Taylor.

Lord. Oh ! Sir your humble Servant.

Squire. My Lord, your Lordship's.

Lord. I hope my little Man, there's something Decent, Sociable ;

able; and to promote good Company, going forward, I think I heard thee name thy Taylor.

Squire. Yes, my Lord, I'm by Angelical Permission, I thank my Stars, just going to employ him.

Lord. What, Matrimonially, Squire? Nay, faith then your Kinsman here ought to come in for his Share of your Joy too. Why you take no Notice of honest *Ned*?

Ned. My Uncle thinks I'm too near a Relation to be civilly us'd, my Lord.

Squire. Oh! my Lord, the Captain is grown too Tall for me, by a Sword's Length, at least, and his Language too crabbed and mystical, to be construed: Before he had his Commission, when he sat in the Chimney-Corner at home, and talk'd to the Tune of Ten or Twenty Pounds a Year; why I understood him plainly; but now——

Lord. What, does he speak *Arabick*?

Squire. Yes, my Lord, he never opens his Mouth, but out comes a crabbed Sentence about a hundred Pound, and that he knows is *Arabick* to me.

Lord. Oh! fie, Squire, Liberality is or ought to be one of the Cardinal Vertues: You know he fought bravely against the common Enemy lately in *Flanders*, and since he was so lucky to make a shift to keep his Brains from being knockt out.

Squire. I ought, I warrant to give him a hundred Pounds that it may be done decently next Campaign——no, no, he may contrive it cheaper a great deal.

Ned. Ay, ay, Uncle, keep it for your Prophecyng Favourites, you can understand their Pedler's *French*, tho' not my *Arabick*.

Squire. Look'e there, my Lord, there's Heroicks for ye, there's true Spirit of Stubbornness; 'tis a clear Case, my Lord, he has it in him——And I have a hundred Guineas here,——which I can bestow, Sir, without your Instruction.

[*Shews a Purse.*]

Lord. Faith, Sir, begging your pardon, I look upon his Answer with clearer Opticks; and, I must be so plain to tell ye, Sir, that I fear the Deformity of your Mind is german to that of your Body; however, honest Captain, whilst I have a Purse, a hundred Guineas or double for the Queen's Honour, and to advance farther Bravery, shall never be wanted.

[*Ned bows.*]

Squire.

Squire. Ah, lower, lower, your Congy to my Lord should be down to the Ground at least——— d'ye hear, what he says, ha, ha, ha.

Ned. Yes, Sir, I do hear, my noble Lord; but that Contemptible Lobster-like Figure of yours, will hardly hinder me from Crushing one of its Claws, if I hear your Insolence a little more.

Squire. Contemptible, and Lobster-like; alas, poor Fellow: Come, I'll strike thee dumb presently, I'll let thee into my Secret for once,——— Do'st thou see this manly Person here?

[*Shews the tall Servant.*]

Lord. That manly Person: Well, and what of him?

Ned. Why, he's the Prophet's Butler, you must know, and his chief Ability is to reach a Flaggon off a high Shelf, or so.

Squire. He's Six Foot, and Five Inches measur'd, and now brings me Word here, that 'tis doom'd irrevocably by his Master, that *Fryday* next at Ten in the Fore-noon——— I shall be so too.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lord. Egregious Stupidity——— and can'st thou believe this?

Enter Taylor.

Squire. Most uncontrollably———here comes the Taylor——— do'st hear Friend, take measure of this Person exactly——— hark'e, he's a little hopper behind 'tis true, I sent all up and down the Town for Beau *F———ing* to stand for me, but nobody can find him of late,——— Well d'ye hear, mend that as well as thou can'st; but be sure take care of the length, for I intend to be very fine in't, and would not bate half an Inch for a thousand Pound. These are Laughters——— and I will laugh too,——— go, go, into the next Room, and about it. [*All laugh here.*]

Taylor. Hugh——— hugh——— take measure of this Conger-Eel to fit this Grig——— Stark mad by this Thimble and Shears; but since I'm to be well paid for't——— I'll laugh my Share with 'em, and then to my Business——— [*Laugh agen.*]

[*Exit Taylor and Servant.*]

Enter Mrs. Guiacum.

Guia. Oh! Squire, I rejoyce to see you so merry; you are one of the Chosen I hear, I'm extreme glad on't; and for my self

self I'm all Extasie : Oh ! good me, I'm so full I can't utter it.

Squire. Good Mrs. *Guaiacum*, your most humble Servant.

Lord. Hey day ! what miracle of Joy are we to hear now ? Prithee, who is't ?

Ned. The Doctor's Wife, that dy'd lately ; he was one of these Impostors, you must know, and as infatuated a Coxcomb as the rest.

Squire. Speak out, Mrs. ——— these are Infidels ; but however let 'em hear your good News ; you say the Hour is fixt.

Guaiac. Ah, — not to be revok'd, the Doctor will certainly rise to Morrow ; so that if I had put on Mourning when he dy'd I had been finely fob'd.

Lord. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Guaiac. The poor Man has been box't up without Meat or Drink this Six Months ; but to Morrow, the five and twentieth of *May* 'tis decreed, that I shall dine heartily with him ; the great Prophet has said it, and it will certainly be so.

Squire. It will so, infallibly if he has said it : Now Incredible, what think ye of this wonderful Man ——— Come recant for shame, I tell ye, 'tis a clear Case ——— he has it in him.

Lord. Ay, when this is done, he shall have any thing in him that he pleases ; he shall transform me into a Souc'd Collar of Brawn.

Ned. Ay, and me into a Craw-fish, and eat me with Salt and Vinegar.

Guaiac. Craw-fish ! out upon ye, I wonder ye are not asham'd to talk so. Well, *Squire*, good-buy, I must go find out my Cousin *Clora* to know if she'll go to *London* to morrow with me, for I must provide some Things for my dear Doctor against he rises ; I'm affraid he will have a very great Cold with lying so long in the damp Ground.

Lord. Very likely, Mrs. ——— what think ye of a Chin-cough.

Ned. Ay, or a quivering Ague — ah. [*Quakes.*

Guaiac. 'Pshaw, I don't mind ye Atheists — So, I'll be in *Bun-bil-fields* exactly at the time, and get him a clean Flannel Shirt well warm'd ; and a Swathband, such as he us'd to wear for his Back ; for alas, he was but a weakly Man, sometimes a little brisk ;

brisk; but truly — a good Husband enough when he was able — well, adieu, Sir; oddsme, I'm in great haste. [*Exit Guiacum.*]

Lord. Ha, ha, ha, Drunk or Mad by this Light; but which of 'em I can't well tell; hah, here comes another, what's she? this sure is some extraordinary Person.

Enter Betty, with Hair disbevel'd.

Squire. Odso, hold your prophane Tongue — this is my sweet Rose of *Arabia*, my delicious Tulip, my fragrant Tubero-rose of *India*.

Ned. My *Betty*, my Lord, by this Light; I told you the witty Creature was plotting amongst 'em for me; she's putting some trick forward I'm sure. [*Aside.*]

Squire. This is she, the wonderful She, that from a crooked Shrub is to make me a tall *Cedar*; behold her ye Infidels— 'tis a clear Case, she has it in her, and now under Inspiration, [*Betty Agitates*] speak my Love, I humbly attend. [*Kneels.*]

Betty. Rise Favourite of Cælestials, thou shalt be straight as the Green, Oblique, and never blasted *Holly-Tree*. Thou shalt be greater than the most Potent *Chimera* of the *South*: Thou shalt take Sovereignty by the Horns, cut off the Tipps, and make Giggs for Children to play with ——— Sound thou Inspir'd, feed the Seraphick Humour.

[*An Humerous Dance by Betty here.*]

The Prophet's SONG, in the Second Act.

I.

WE Prophets of the Modern Race,
To hide Rebellious Evil,

Pretend we all Excel in Grace,

And fight against the Devil.

We range, we roam,

We quake, we foam,

We breed by Inspiration:

We own the Call, the Spirit moves,

And then the Chosen Sister proves

By frequent Agitation.

II.

*Strange Miracles we ne'er unfold,
We scorn to understand 'em:
Those shewn the Mob in Days of Old
Provok'd, but did not mend 'em.
We cant in Tone,
We sigh, we groan,
Nor do our Gambols tire us;
And tho' our Preaching be Hum-drum,
And Writing senceless as Tom Thumb,
We still have Fools Admire us.*

Squire. Prodigious! I'm ravish'd.

Ned. No, only fool'd, Uncle, that's all. Ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

Lord. The little Imp acts it to the Life.

Betty. Let me look on thee [*Betty comes up to Ned.*] I saw last Night in Vision—Angels—Fairys, Captains, Corn-Cutters, proud Lords, and pertinacious Prophets — thee, amongst the rest. Touch me thou frail one.

Squire. The Fit continues: Be sure you let her have her Humour.

Betty. Any new Adventure, Captain. Look grave and speak softly ——— [*To Ned changing Tone.*

Ned. None, my Dear; but about the Hundred Pound, the Wretch won't part with a Penny.

Betty. Let me alone, [*To Ned changing Tone to Agitation.*] thou shalt have a Call; follow and Eat——Come, Prince, support me. [*To Squire.*] Yes, my Child, I say once more thou shalt be a Prince, a mighty Prince, so mighty as not able to discern the Beginning nor the End of thy Dominion.

[*Speaks as in Agitation.*

Squire. Now what think ye, poor People?

Lord and Ned. We are your Highnesses most humble Servants.

Squire. 'Tis a clear Case, you see, she has it in her.

[*Exeunt Squire and Betty.*

Lord. Well! had I not seen this, Report should ne'er have been credited. But come, *Ned*, 'tis near Eleven, now for the Chace; and my dear *Fidelia*, I shall quarrel with her I'm sure, for keeping me like a Stag at Bay so long.

Ned. Oh, those little Love-Quarrels never do any Mischief, they make the Passion still the sweeter upon Agreement, confirming a Modern Author's Opinion ; who says,

*Love's dearest Joys they never prove,
Who free from Quarrels live :
'Tis still the tenderest part of Love
Each other to forgive.*

[Exeunt.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Fidelia, and Clora, with a Letter.

Fidel. **A**ND so my Dame Spunge for doing a kind Office, in bringing a Letter from your Lover, you pretend has lost your Favour — Ah my Dear, I swear you are a Hypocrite!

Clora. I swear, my Dear, I can't help it if I am : 'tis natural to us you know. Are not you so too? Come, be free, and fairly stand the brunt of one Question.

Fidel. With all my Heart, provided you'll do so too in your turn.

Clora. Oh! else—'twere no fair Dealing—Hark'e then, have you any horrible Aversion for my Lord Noble?

Fidel. Not I, by my Virginity, there's nothing about him that's fit to fright a Woman that I know of.

Clora. And yet you can neglect his Suit, delay him, make him wait, and torment him, dewce take ye: If ye like him, why don't ye play above-board; chouse your Old Daddy, like a good Girl, as ye ought; say Yes at his next putting the Question, and let him fall too heartily, now he has so good a Stomach.

Fidel. Oh! you are a Fool, my Dear, his Stomach is strong enough to stay a little for a good Meal, and not be sick upon't; besides, Mens Appetites about their Love are just like Childrens

drens about their feeding : If you give 'em as much and as often as they cry for't, you quite spoil 'em.

Clora. I warrant you think 'twill hinder their Growth, make 'em Pot-belly'd, and spoil their Shapes.

Fidel. Love, Child, like the sober Game of Chefs, must be play'd with Caution ; and amongst all the rest, you ought to take special Care of the Rooks. But now stand your ground to my Question—Are you really mortally angry at the young handsome Captain's Letter—for it seems it comes from him ?

Clora. No, Child, there's the Fallacy on't ; and in short, it does not come from him.

Fidel. Not come from him !

Clora. No : But if it did, the Rhiming Stile is so pitiful and fawning, that I fancy my Lap-Dog is wagging his Tayle all the while I'm reading it. To be plainer, you must know, the Captain only officiates here : The Letter is the Fag-end of a dull Story from my former Lover, Sir Charles ; I should have had as much Satisfaction in reading, if any one had sent me an old Proclamation. *I hate, &c.*

Fidel. Nay, come prethee let's hear it, don't leave off.

S O N G by C L O R A.

I Hate a Fop that at his Glass sits prinking half the Day,
 With a fallow, frowzy Olive-colour'd Face,
 And a powder'd Peruke hanging to his Waist ;
 Who with Oagling Imagines to possess,
 And to shew his Shape
 Does cringe and scrape,
 But nothing has to say :
 Or if the Courtship's fine
 He'll only Cant and Whine,
 And in Confounded Poetry, he'll Goblins make Divine.
 I love the bold and brave,
 I hate the fawning Slave,
 Who quakes and cries,
 And sighs and lies,
 Yet wants the Skill
 With Sence to tell
 What 'tis he longs to have.

Fidel

Fidel. Thou'rt a strange whimsical Creature, to be angry with a Man for expressing his Love with Respect and Civility. I have heard of your particular way of using him: Han't you rail'd him out of the Room sometimes, when he has only begun to speak of Love in general?

Clora. Yes, and threaten'd to box him about the Room too, at times, when the Fit has been upon me.

Fidel. Oh rare *Bradamant*!

Clora. Why, what do you infer from this, after all, what then?

Fidel. What then! why, pray, what Date of your Tyranny must your Lover expect, when d'ye reward him?

Clora. Why, perhaps, after a Contrivance to have him whipt through the Guts, or to shew uncommon Mildness, when I have had his Bones broke.

Fidel. Ay, ay; talk, talk; I know your Heart for all this, y'are a mere Hypocrite, I tell ye.

Clora. Nay, you are at your own dispose to believe as you please, but your Humour and mine, my Dear, are extremely different; you are of an open, free Temper, liberal and generous, and therefore easy when a Man whose Inclination suits your's, makes Love t'ye: But for my part, I am just like a wild Bird in a hard Winter, tho' I'm ready to starve for want of some Crumbs of Bread, yet I had rather do it than be so tame to peck 'em out of your hand.

Fidel. Very particular, truly, my Dear.

Clora. The Word Love, like a Fiddle, sounds tunably enough to me at a distance, but I can't bear to have it saw'd under my Ear: Nay, farther, I think a Man an Egregious Blockhead, if he does not like me because I am agreeable; and yet if he tells me with a Complement that he does, he rouzes something in me that makes me use him like a Dog.

Fidel. Ha, ha, ha,—Extreamly particular still.

Clora. In short, my Humour is so particular, as you say, that I believe my Father and Mother when they got me, had just before been playing at Hot-cockles: And therefore betwixt you and I, as I talk of breaking of Bones, so a Man that has a mind to me ought to make better use of his Love, than good Manners—And he prove a little Bearish with me upon rejecting his Of-
fer

fer, I may cry Ah! — perhaps, but can never have the Conscience to think he's in the wrong.

Enter Guiacum.

Guia. Oh dear, Cousin *Clora*, 'tis well I found the Coach standing by the Pond yonder, else I might have sought ye like a Needle in a Whisp of Hay in this Chace. Your humble Servant, good Madam. [To Fidelia.]

Clora. Well, Cousin, and now you have found me, what News?

Guia. Oh! Joyful, Joyful Cousin, I am come to know if you'll go to *London* with me to Morrow; the dead Doctor will certainly rise, he'll be ready to give ye a Visit in the Afternoon.

Clora. Bless me, what d'ye mean?

Fidel. Why since you'll suffer no-body alive to make Love to ye, I believe she intends to send ye a Ghost for a Suitor.

Guia. Why then, Cousin, you may assure your self.

Lord within.] Here Deviling, Sweet-face, d'ye hear, Sirrah; bid the Coachman turn and go down to the Lodge—

Guia. D'slife! 'tis my Lord *What d'ye call'm*, and the t'other Rake, that said he would be turn'd into a Craw-fish, if my Husband rose again. Here's no talking before them: Pray, Cousin, walk this way a little, I have a Hundred things to tell ye.

Clora. 'Tis so: One of 'em is the Captain——Now does my Blood begin to rise so, that methinks I long for another Attacque, tho' I hate his manner of doing it.

[Exeunt *Clora* and *Guia*.]

Fidel. T'other, I see, is my Lord—Pish, I won't follow her Maggot, not I, I'll stay here and give him an opportunity——tho' I'm sure we shall have a Quarrel.

Enter Lord Noble and Ned.

Lord. This is a Favour of Fortune too great for my Hopes; we have not only found her, but alone too.

Ned. Which, I think, my Lord, is my Cue to be gone, and leave ye: So I'll follow t'other, I'll venture the breaking my Head once more. [Exit.]

Lord. Madam, my good Luck in seeing your Coach, has given me this happy Opportunity: I hope I give your Ladyship no Trouble?

Fidel. Your humble Servant, my Lord, your Lordship comes here, I suppose, to take the Air this fine Morning?

Lord.

Lord. Not only for that Reason, Madam; I have another somewhat more prevalent.

Fidel. 'Tis an extream fine Place : Will your Lordship be pleas'd to walk this way ?

Lord. Any way you please to guide, Madam; only I must beg to be heard a Word or two, before you joyn your Company.

Fidel. Please then to speak, my Lord.

Lord. But now I think on't, the Tongue is useles here, my Eyes exprefs my Suit whene'er I see ye.

Fidel. Indeed, my Lord, I am very unskilful in that sort of Language, and understand no more the meaning of those that converse with their Eyes, than of those that do't with their Fingers.

Lord. Oh, how easily are both learnt if you would give your mind to't. Well then, since 'tis set down to me as a Task, I must be plain, and tell ye, tho' generous to all others, to me you are uncharitable.

Fidel. You mock me sure, my Lord, to talk of Charity. What have I shewn in all my former Conduct, to make you think I can forget my self, do I not know your Quality?

Lord. Whatever Quality I have's a Bubble, unless it can advance me in your Liking.

Fidel. Indeed, my Lord, I like ye as I ought.

Lord. That Ought has a cold Sound, and freezes all my Hopes ; breathe something warmer then, will ye consent to Love and make me happy.

Fidel. Have you my Father's ?

Lord. There's another Blast now, has sent me packing to the North of *Greenland*, whilst in their Infancy 'tis fit that Parents should help the little ones, instruct and guide 'em ; but those that have left off their Leading-strings, I hope, may go alone without their Father's.

Fidel. They may, 'tis true, my Lord; and likewise get many a sound Knock, and fall by their obstinate Stubbornness : But methinks the Discourse now is too serious, we shall grow dull, my Lord, if we go on ?

Lord. When Love's the Heavenly Subject, and my Passion bred by those killing Eyes, and conquering Beauties inspires my
Sence

Sence with Flights Seraphical, Oh! can I falter, can Discourse be dull?

Fidel. I swear, my Lord, I beg your Pardon heartily: Bless me, what a fine Speech was that! and did your Lordship really study it for me?

Lord. Most certainly: And on this Subject I could be in Rapture always.

Fidel. Oh fie, I know your Lordship has too much Sense to waste your time so ill. But pray give me leave to be a little merry, my Lord, and I'll set ye in the right light presently: You have heard perhaps, my Lord, I am a Fortune; perhaps more too, that 'tis in my own hands; that I have thirty thousand Pounds to buy me Pins, that I can call it in without my Father's Knowledge or Consent, and if I please can give it to my Footman, or my Taylor.

Lord. The little Witch has nickt me: But I must not let her go on. *[Aside.*

Fidel. Now I will jocularly suppose my self my Lord, divided into three great Bags, in each of which there is ten thousand Pound.

Lord. So, Madam—this goes on rarely, I begin to sweat. *[Aside.*

Fidel. And your Lordship's strong Inclinations to possess what you like so well, tips your Tongue so Rhetorically on the sudden, that you say to the first Bag, crossing your Arms—Oh, killing Eyes!

Lord. Extreamly fine.

Fidel. To the second Bag—Oh, incomparable Beauty!

Lord. So——

Fidel. And to the third Bag — Thou inspirest my Sense with Flights Seraphical! but for poor me, *quatenus* my self, you could never have invented it, I'm sure.

Lord. The Devil's in her, she has nonplus'd me so I know not what to say; I must get off by a Quarrel, I have no other way. *[Aside.*

Fidel. What says your Lordship to this? Your Wit, I'm sure, can furnish ye with Repartees by Millions. Come, can you let a Woman be once in the right, and own this to be true.

Lord. Madam, Respect shall always keep me from contradicting any thing you say—I'll only strive to let my unhappy Passion no more be the occasion of a Jest.

Fidel. That's an ill-natur'd Word, my Lord, I only speak by way of Raillery.

Lord. That Raillery shews great Indifference, and I must beg leave to tell ye, the Purity of my Love deserves your Thought, and not this turning into Ridicule; I am afraid too my Company is troublesome, and therefore ———

Fidel. You'll leave me, Oh terrible! What have I done? I have shewn your Lordship the Impertinence of our Sex most shamefully; but however, I intend to come with my Father and dine with ye to Day for all this, you shan't get rid of me without some Trouble, I'm resolv'd.

Lord. I shall find no other Trouble, than a severe Resentment.

Fidel. Why then to shew ye, my Lord, that if I reject these Matters I have a weighty Cause: Know that to Morrow I'm to forsake all the transitory Pleasures of this World; for if the dead Man rises, as my Father says positively he will——

Lord. And I say, positively he will not.

Fidel. Oh, he has a Spirit that has assur'd him on't.

Lord. 'Tis a damn'd lying Spirit, Madam, and can do nothing in the matter. Will you put my Happiness on that foot, will you consent if that Miracle fail?

Fidel. Oh, you had better leave me, my Lord, than stay to hear my simple Answer to that.

Lord. I would not leave thee for ten thousand Empires; speak, my good Genius, will ye?

Fidel. To shew you how firmly I believe my Father, perhaps I may.

Lord. Then mount, my Joys, soar to your utmost pitch, for the Grave will hold its own, I'm sure.

Fidel. Troth I believe so too, for all my Jestings. [*Aside.*

Enter Clora hastily, and Ned.

Ned. Nay, but Madam——

Clora. What, will you be impertinent in Company too! you have scar'd away my Cousin already—Must these also share in your Folly!

Fidel. There's a strange high Colour in her Face, she's in a terrible Heat, I see.

Ned. It would hardly have deserv'd the Term of Folly, Madam, if I had spoken for my self, much less when for a Friend.

Clora.

Clora. The Fops I've still observ'd are always Friends to one another, and when they set themselves to prate, they are sure to chuse a Subject that makes 'em more ridiculous. Now if you had entertain'd me with the Praise of a well powder'd Peruke—

Ned. Madam, my Head furnish'd me with something better to speak of.

Clora. The Courtly piquant Point of its fruzzing Foretop: Or had you begun a Harangue on the Make and ingenious Fashion of your *Italian* Snuff-box, and especially the lewd Piece in the Cover of it, fit for no-body to look on but those with Modesties like your own; had you discours'd of the taking Air and Humour of the last Night-Walker you pick'd up——

Ned. Madam, I can keep better Company.

Clora. Or the last Country Squire you made drunk with a Pint of Brandy and Sugar, crown'd with a Lemmon Peel: Any of these now had been proper Themes; but to dare to talk of Love, and to me, whether in your own Person or in another's, provokes me to tell ye, ye are a thoughtless, flashy, conceited, hag-ridden, addle headed, dull, mad, vain, abominable Impertinent——

Ned. Hold, hold, hold, pray Madam; you'll run your self out of Breath.

Clora. And so I leave you to make a proper Repartee, when you can catch me again; the Coach, I see, is ready——Come, my Dear, prithee come away. [Exit.

Fidel. Bless me, this has been a terrible Encounter! I must follow her, my Lord; 'tis Noon, and I know my Father expects us.

Lord. As I shall presently, Madam, at Dinner; I hope, Sweet, you'll be as good as your word. So, Captain, I see this little Tit has been shewing thee her Ill-goings agen, she's still upon the Fret, I see.

Ned. I have had this Morning notice by a Servant, that Sir *Charles* will be unexpectedly in Town to Morrow: I'll give him some Instructions that shall manage her for all this——D'sdeath, he shall put her on a Martingale but he shall bring her to her Pace.

Lord. Ha, ha, ha. Come let's away, 'tis almost Dinner-time. [Exeunt.

Enter Squire and Betty.

Squire. And art thou really serious in this matter, Oh my Divine Favourite?

Betty. Most solemnly: And have had some Pangs and Gripings in the Act of Agitation about it more than ordinary.

Squire. Art thou very sure too it was the Figure of my Nephew *Ned*, that was seen in the Vision?

Betty. Sure as the Mystery it self, Sir — He sat singing amongst the Seraphical Choristers; they were strangely pleas'd with his Company: He'll certainly have a loud Call, and may be very instrumental in assisting your Cure.

Squire. 'Tis very strange! He has for these seven Years past been one of the greatest Rakes in Town.

Betty. Ah—he may be chosen a Vessel for all that, when he is made clean: I hope, you imagine I have been frail my self?

Squire. 'Tis true: Well then, I will stay and dine with my Lord to Day, for I have an Invitation too.

Betty. Oh, by all means! I would have you take another Blessing from the great Prophet, before I fall upon ye to new mould ye; it may chance to be three or four Inches of Height more in your way.

Squire. It may so, thou Cherubin, and I will be directed by thee.

SCENE *draws and discovers* Magus, Marrogn, Maggotile, Limbeck, and Scire Facias, *seated at a Table, humming over Papers; the three last rise, and come forward.*

Facias. Oh, these Warnings prove him a very wonderful Man, besides his Miracles increase daily; two words of Reprehension from the Spirit by him has quite extinguish'd my twenty Years Law: I must own there remain some twitches of Conscience for past Misdemeanours, but I hope, humh! [Groans.

Squire. What was he?

Betty. A Lawyer, who tho' he lately has had a Call, and is inspired, yet at certain times is horribly cramp'd for former Roguery.

Limb. His Fame must grow perpetually. One of our chosen Daughters was afflicted with a most violent Tumor, and there was order'd straight a Preparation incorporated with *Emplastrum de Sapore,*

pore, some *Balsamum Sulphuris Terebinthinate*: And at another time wanting that, they us'd *Diachylon cum Gummis*, I knew the *Recipe* approv'd, but 'twas then of no Effect; for by two words of the Spirit from his Mouth all was dispers'd, and the Woman afterwards danc'd for Joy, and gave us a Satyrical Song upon the Clergy made to a famous Tune call'd, *Parson upon Dorothy*.

Betty. That's a Chymist, one of our new Converts, a Citizen of solid Understanding; he has a sneaking Look, 'tis true, but they say he has great Parts: He has promis'd to bring over to our Party all the Apothecaries betwixt *Charing-Cross* and *Wapping*.

Mag. I had a patient Gentleman was plagu'd with a *Mania*, or Madness, they infus'd two Ounces of Box-Berries, observe me, in a Quart of Claret, then decanting it put in an equal Quantity of distill'd Water of *Vervain*, but ineffectually; for pray note me, it did no good, upon which my incomparable *Sal Maggotile Dolorosum* was sent for, and had infallibly reliev'd the Patient, had not the great Prophet miraculously interfer'd, and under Inspiration done the Cure.

Betty. That's the famous Doctor *Sal Maggotile* that is so wonderfully possess'd with a Spirit of his own making, that you may have it under his solemn Oath it shall cure all Diseases, from the Modern Itch up to the most virulent of the Antique Plagues of *Egypt*.

Squire. I have the Honour to know the Gentleman, he is a very shrewd Philosopher o' my word, and extremely venerated for his Purity in Religion and Morals; he's a Martyr in Patience, for I have often seen him like a Bear at Stake, stand the baiting of all the sharp phang'd Animals in the *Rainbow-Coffee-House*; he adores the great Prophet, and will shortly himself be a very great Man.

Betty. Oh! the Seer has dispatch'd his Morning Profelytes. Come Beau that is to be, kneel down with me and take his Blessing.

[*Squire kneels to Magus.*]

Enter Fidelia and Clora.

Mag. Thy Joy is near, my Child, rise and expect, and do whate'er she orders.

Facias. Hail, Great and Mystical!

Limb. Most Wise!

Maggot. Most Venerable!

§

Mar.

Mar. More Miracle have been dis Morning, Ah parblieu, me have hear and see such strange ting.

Squire. What was't, pray Father ?

Mar. I'll have speak dis Morning one grand Speech in *Latin*, and yet never understand van word before.

Squire. I heard on't, that's true, to my Knowledge.

Fidel. 'Tis a Lye to my Knowledge [*To Clara.*] for he learnt it by heart last Night ; I peep'd into his Chamber, and saw him at it.

Clara. Oh ! it shall pass upon these for all that.

Facias. Miraculous !

Limb. Beyond Thought, surprizing !

Maggot. His Faculties are all Supernatural.

Squire. Ay—'tis a clear Case he has it in him.

Maggot. And let me tell ye, Gentlemen, a Miraculous Idea, *Semen Animæ* ; or Logically to term it, a noble Identity of Soul caus'd first that radiant Light of Knowledge in me, to compound my wonderful *Sal* mentioned before, that lately has been so ineffably admir'd. I think I inform'd ye once that its Origine came from *Ireland*, which Nation you must needs hear had the Honour of me and my Art some time : 'Tis true it did so, 'twas in that happy and sagacious Kingdom that the Chrystaline Rock, from whence sprung that salubrious Body first appear'd. Look'e, Gentlemen, I have often some Hours together enlarg'd upon its Vertues amongst Topicks of *Rerum Natura*, but let it suffice now, that I only tell ye, the *Sal* will force its Applause ; however, it must be allow'd, that the great Prophet is a wonderful Man.

Mar. Dere be more still, he have turn his Face quite behind upon his Back, and run round de Room, whir, whir, whir, fast as one Bowl run to de Jack, Morblieu.

Clara. Thou canst lye faster than any Bowl can run by a great deal, that I dare affirm.

Fidel. Hush, here comes my Lord, now we shall hear some Musick.

Enter Lord, Ned, and Cub.

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies, your most humble Servant, the Dinner and the Musick within be ready presently, and to give ye a Relish in the mean time, *Cub*—Sirrah, sing that last new Song made to entertain the Grand Monarch. What says my
Old

Old Friend, I hope your Cœlestial Imaginations won't be offended at a little Musick?

Magg. No, no, Harmony is the Author of Contemplation, the Spirit sometimes makes me sing my self.

Fidel. Ay, and whistle too, if that will credit ye — louder, tho' not so musically, than any Carter in *Thames-street*.

Mar. Musick be fort bon, it be ver good vor calm de unruly Passion.

Clora. If they had brought him a Wench to curb his unruly Passion, that had been *fort bon* too.

Lord. Come, Sowc'd Mango, begin.

Cub. A Song to treat these Drones! s'bud, a crack'd Sow-gelder's Horn, or that dismal one at the *Temple*, that calls the Mutton-mongers to their Commons is too good for 'em by half—but I'll do't, because 'tis *a-propo*.

S O N G.

I.

Monsieur looks pale, and Anjou quakes,
Weakly stand the Thrones they sit on;
Dull is Versailles, the Escorial shakes,
Hearing from the Bank of Britain.
Lewis storms to think the Foe
Instead of sinking down grows stronger,
Morbleau, says he, their Millions grow,
'Tis in vain to fight 'em longer.

II.

When King of Spain I crown'd young Phil,
And to fix him made such Offers,
Jernie, said I, the Bullion will
All be cram'd now in my Coffers:
But these Bougers drink and roar,
And riot on each small Occasion;
And yet, Begar, they'll ne'er be poor,
The Grand Diable's in that Nation.

III.

*The Spanish Indies I possess,
 Yet they'll bear a Purse above me;
 And that I no Bank can raise,
 Shews how well my People love me.
 Former grand Success is gone;
 Bruges, Ghent, and Lisle are taken:
 Then whilst my Capital's my own,
 I'll make Peace, and save my Bacon.*

Betty. My Captain's Affair about the hundred Pound must be done now, the Musick will please better when his Pockets are full; I'll give him that as an Earnest of what's to come. Art thou yet call'd? Can thy Vertue assist in doing the good Office for our Chosen here?— if so, approach and kiss him. [*To Ned.*

Ned. This my Cue! I receiv'd a Note from the Witty Gipsey how to behave my self [*Aside.*] I'll not prophane my Lips, he is not chosen. [*In a Tone.*

Betty. Not chosen!

Ned. He's Sordid, Worldly, Covetous, Unsanctified in Heart, and hoards up Money.

Fidel. What now! What Farce is this?

Lord. Another of the old sort, you'll find, Madam.

Clora. It begins comically.

Betty. Oh! I remember the Spirit shew'd me in the last Night's Vision a hundred Guineas in a green wrought Purse, ordain'd for the inspiring some o' th' Army; they are about thee, therefore produce 'em straight.

Clora. So, this is Farce indeed — How the Squire looks! [*To Fidel.*

Mag. What does the Gipsey mean by this? [*To Marrogn.*

Mar. Morblieu, me know noting; she have one leetle Deev-la in dat Pate, Begar.

Betty. Give him the Dross, quick, quick, immediately; or else be warp'd for ever.

[*Squire offers Ned the Purse, he refuses it.*

Ned. No, I'm exalted — I'm elevated, and shall receive from other Spiritual Hands what's worthy Inspiration. [*In a Tone.*

Squire.

Squire. He won't take 'em, and he's too strong for me, I can't force him.

Ned. Let him, and yet 'tis pity—great pity, like the crooked Bramble, grow at both Ends—I shall not want his Offering, Umph! [Groans.]

Betty. Beg him, intreat him, think on your Mole-hill Back, 'twill be a Mountain within these three Days.

Squire. Dear Cousin *Neddy*—thou seest I sink in Sorrow.

Ned. Umph—Well, I have hints to be Compassionate—I shall laugh out, I can't hold ——— [Aside. Takes the Purse.]

Betty. Put in a word, now; say anything. [Aside to Magus.]

Mag. Take care, my Son, they be Rewards for the first Soldiers that hearken to the Call; and now all's right agen, Embrace your Kinsman.

Fidel. Ha, ha, ha.—This Scene is stole out of the *Rehearsal*—King *Phiz* and King *Usher* right——

Lord. 'Tis so, and therefore very fit to have Musick to't: I believe 'tis ready now.

Enter Kate.

Kate. Will your Lordship please to walk in, the Meat's ready to put upon the Table.

Lord. Come, Gentlemen, the Musick will sound best then, we'll have it at Dinner. [Exeunt Lord, Fidelia, and Clora.]

Betty. Go you in with 'em, I'll stay and leave word with my Hostess, where I'll meet you anon. [To Ned, Whispering.]

Ned. Enough——dear Creature——But heark'e.

Mar. Ah—me no lika dat Whisfer, Begar he be de Soldier, and dey run aw like a de Deevla at de pret Womans, we must fright him—Avaunt—Avaunt [Parts Betty and Ned.] Shild of Murder—You have no Call, no, no Call, let me tell you; derefore forbear——Oh! [Falls into Agitation.]

Betty. How, Father *Camizar*—Why what's the Impediment?

Mar. De Spirrit by me — warne you to keep off—Let him whisfer de Hostess — oagle de Laundress — kifs de Shambermaid—stroka de Wife of de Sutler — bribe de Town Harridan — and swear and lye to de Country Milkmaid — but de Divine Prophetess must no be pollute—No, de Spirrit is enrage—Me glow, me swell, me burn—Me burst, avaunt Gunpowder, Culverin, Blunderbuss, Pistol, Broad-sword, Fire, Match and Bullet——Oh! [Falls down in extreme Agitation.]

G

Ned.

Ned. What a Devil's the matter with him?

Squire. This is strange—No call!

Betty. Oh! never mind him, but go in amicably together; I'll unriddle the matter another time. [*Exit Ned and Squire.*

Mag. He's gone, and now Spirit I charge thee—*Tace.*

Mar. rising.] 'Tis don, ven de Grand Prophet speak de Mout be stope, and de Tongue have no Sound—Come—Me vil rise now, and goe eat, yes — Me vil eat ver mush too, de Motion of de Spirit have cause one grand Appetite—Along, Monsieur, Entre je vous prie.

Mag. Humph ————— [*Exeunt.*

Kate. Humph ——— strange Creatures these, hang me like a Dog.

Manent Kate and Betty.

Betty. Good Woman of the House, a word with thee.

Kate. Here's another of 'em, she was in a Fit too Yesterday, what's to do with her now?

Betty. Don't you hear me, Woman—humph—

Kate. Hear ye, humph—Well, what's the matter, Mistress? a—Hang me like a Dog, I don't like her Tricks.

Betty. The young Captain that's gone in there and I, have some serious Business together this Afternoon: Pray tell him I'll meet him in the Orchard, behind your House, exactly at Four.

Kate. Will ye so! Ay, 'tis likely to be very serious Business indeed: Pray what is't? hang me like a Dog, I believe she has a mind to debauch the young Fellow.

Betty. Ask me no more Questions, Woman, but do what thou hast in charge.

Kate. Why look'e, Mistress a—You pretend to Prophecy, and Wisdom, and Revelation, and this and that and t'other, when to be plain with you, I fancy you deal more in the Flesh than the Spirit; but as for the young Captain, to my Knowledge, you'll lose your aim there, for he's dispos'd of already, therefore I shall deliver no Messages.

Betty. Dispos'd of, how?—What dost thou mean?

Kate. Mean—why I mean honestly—Look'e, you are one of my Customers, and for that reason I won't let you play the Fool: You saw, I suppose, the young Lady that went in with Madam *Fidelia*.

Betty.

Betty. Well, what of her, good Woman, has she had a Call?

Kate. A Call—ay, and a Kifs too, I warrant her. In short, she's the Captain's Miftrefs.

Betty. Ha—Confusion feize her! How the Quean fires me. [*Aside.*] What, art thou given to Scandal, Woman? For I know the Gentleman's Inclinations are towards me, and the rest of the Inspir'd, he is shortly to be one of the Chosen.

Kate. Chosen! Ay, amongst young Wenches he's one of the Chosen indeed. Well, hang me like a Dog, I'll be so much your Friend, because you have occasion'd Money to be spent in my House, that I'll cure your Folly if I can; therefore once more I tell ye, if he says his Inclinations are solidly your way, he has deceiv'd ye. I grant ye, the Captain loving a Tit Bit by the by, or so, may have talk'd to ye of Love and Constancy, and Flames of Fire, and this and that and t'other to gain his Ends; But Madam *Clora* is the real Person, depend on't.

Betty. And canst thou prove this? Curse on her, she has put me all over into a Flame.

Kate. Come, come, I have Honour about me, and have so much Respect for my own Sex, that I won't let a Woman be too much put upon neither—Therefore know Miftrefs a—that I can prove it; for to put ye out of all doubt, I carry'd a Love-Letter from him to her within this Hour.

Betty. A Love-Letter, Oh Distraction! I shall never contain my self.

Kate. Ay, and in Verse too I assure you, and full of Sighs and Tears, and Tremblings, and a World of this and that and t'other: I was so pleas'd with it, that I made my Drawer write out some of the best.

Betty. Perish her, what Torments do I suffer! [*Aside.*]

Kate. Here 'tis, you shall see. [*Takes out a Paper and reads.*]

*Forgive me if a Flame I bluntly own
Too powerful to be kept from being shewn:
Nor value me the less if I reveal,
What were the worst of Torments to conceal.*

Ha, hang me like a Dog, I think this is Proof enough—I find, Miftrefs—a, you don't know the Captain.

Betty. Damn'd treacherous Villain! I'll tear him all to pieces.

Kate. Therefore let me advise ye not to mind what he says in that Case, but go in and dine amongst 'em, they'll wonder where you are. *[Snatches the Letter.*

Betty. If I could poyson him I would, not else; and how couldst thou do so base an Office to carry such a Scroll?

Kate. Base Office, what base Office? I'd have you know, Mistress, I do no base Office; hang me like a Dog I scorn it.

Betty. An odious, pimping Office; and thou'rt a wicked Woman.

Kate. A wicked Woman! As honest as the Skin between your Brows. Odsmylife! don't slander me, but mind your own cheating Tricks, your Fits, your Foamings, your Agitations, and this and that and t'other: I'll not be abus'd by ne'er a Miracle-monger of ye all, tho' ye do spend Money in my House. Call me wicked Woman! Ye Seed of the Old, Hissing, Crawling, Wilderness Rattle-Snake: Odsfo! I can hardly keep my hands off. *[Exit in a Rage.*

Betty. Ten thousand Curses on the perjur'd Sex:
Am I abus'd at last for all my Love!
Have I, within this Hour by dint of Brain,
Giv'n him an Earnest of my Faith in Gold,
And made my Will turn Slave to his Occasion,
Shewing besides Prospect of greater Fortune,
When I have play'd my Game out with his Uncle?
And is this then the Return the Traytor makes,
To use me only as another's Property,
And balk my Inclination to be honest,
By counter-plotting my well-meant Design?
Well, Love—avaunt then, and Revenge come on:
I'll turn the Scale so far, that our next Meeting
Shall make him tremble at the Fiend he raises.
I'll work upon his Uncle to his Ruine,
And all his present flattering Hopes undo:
I'll change my self from Woman to a Fury.

*Reverse all Hopes of the expected Grant,
And prove his Devil, who was late his Saint.*

SONG design'd to be sung the Third Day between
the Acts——By Cub.

I.

NOW, now, comes on the Glorious Year,
Britain has Hopes and France has Fear,
Lewis, the War, has cost so dear,
He stily Peace does tender;
But our Two Hero's so well know
The Breach of his Word some Years ago,
They resolve they will give him the other Blow,
Unless he Spain surrender.

II.

Health to the Queen then straight begin,
To Marlborough the Great and to brave Eugene;
With them let valiant Webb too come in,
Who late perform'd a Wonder:
Then to the Ocean an Offering make
And boldly Carouse to brave Sir John Leak,
Who with Mortar and Cannon Mahone did take,
And made the Pope knock under.

III.

Beat up the Drum a new Alarm,
The Foe is Cold and we are Warm,
The Monsieur's Troops can do no Harm,
Though they abound in Numbers;
Push then once more and the War is done,
Old Men and Boys will surely run;
And we know we can beat them if Four to One,
Which he too well remembers.

End of the Third A C T.

ACT IV. SCENE *Bunbil-fields.*

Enter Lord, Ned, Fidelia, Clora and Guiacum.

Guia. **B**less me, Madam! are Miracles so common, that your
Patience is worn out already, sure you'll stay a lit-
tle longer.

Fidel. I vow, Mrs. Guiacum, I'm quite weary; besides I fancy
your

your Husband, the Doctor, is too much ingag'd to make the Visit you expect: He was to have been punctually here at Eight—you know, and now 'tis turn'd of Ten; I assure you I take it very ill at his Hands, I hate to be disappointed by the Dead, as well as by the Living.

Lord. Nay Faith, Madam, since you have taken the Pains to come as far as from *Enfield* this Morning to see this Raree-show, for the love of a Rarity, stay half an Hour longer.

Clora. Your Lordship is not sensible of the Inconvenience of staying; the Passions of you Lovers are so potent, that they often render the rest of the Senses very defective.

Ned. As how pray, Madam?

Clora. Sir, I am not dispos'd to a Dialogue with you.

Ned. Huh.

Clora. Now I, my Lord, whose Intellects perhaps are less disturb'd, can give a substantial Reason for going; for besides the hot Perfumes of Garlick and Onions that the crowding Mob dispers'd, I was half poison'd in the place where I stood with the Metropolitan fragranciness of my Lord-Mayor's Dog-kennel.

Gui. A duce take your finnickal Nose, does the offending that a little, countervail the welcoming Home of a near Relation that comes a Journey from the Grave to give ye Instructions.

Fidel. Oh! pray Mrs. *Guicam*, believe that your Courage and ours, in welcoming the Dead, are not of equal Force; you have been the Doctor's Wife so long, that his Practice has made the *defunct* very familiar to ye.

Clora. Ay, ay, I warrant she can sit with a good Colour in her Face, like *Don John* in the *Libertine*, at Table with a Ghost, and drink burnt Brandy with him——When, blest me! such a thing would scare me out of my Wits.

Ned. Here comes one of the Spectators, I'll ask what News do'st hear, my honest Friend, has any thing appear'd yet.

Enter Cocker.

Cocker. Appear'd, ha, ha, ha,—What have we got a Fool in Red here too? I am glad o'that, we *Cockers* are safe then Faith: No, no, Captain, I believe you may get into a Hole by having another touch with the *French* in *Flanders*—before any thing will come out of one in *Bunhill-fields*—appear—Ha, ha, ha, 'tis a mere Cheat by this cutting Knife. [Exit.

Guic. Senseless Rascal! 'twould affront Inspiration to be the occasion

occasion of saving such a dull Ox as that——I tell you once more Cousin, you may depend upon his coming, he'll be at Home about Two; and I have accordingly bespoke a Dinner.

Clora. Pray what, Cousin? that must needs be something very Nice, Warm and Restorative.

Guia. No, Cousin, no Kickshaws, he never lik'd 'em, his Appetite was always most pleas'd with common Diet; and to humour it, I have provided a wholesom Dish of Neat's Feet and fry'd Onions.

Lord. Egh—the Devil take him for a Fancy—Humh! Gad, I believe, they are dressing on't already—for to my thinking I have the damn'd Funk in my Nostrils now.

Ned. Ha, ha,—the sweetness of the Air yonder amongst the Mob, I confess is somewhat annoy'd; the Breezes have something of *Thames-street* and the *Butcher-row* in them.

Guia. Well, Madam *Fidelia*, I thought you had valu'd your Father's prophetick Truths more than this comes to; you shew small respect to his Miracles, if you go away so soon.

Fidel. I assure you, Mrs. *Guia.*, I can prove that I value 'em profoundly, for I have laid a great Wager upon this; you had best contrive well to make it fall out right, for you don't know what I may lose if the Doctor does not rise.

Clora. Not your Maiden-head, I hope, my dear. [Aside.]

Fidel. Hold your Tongue, *Gipsy*, Gad I don't know but I may.

Lord. Faith, Madam, I must own my hopes do begin to Sprout a little; the Hour is certainly past, no Doctor appears, and you are a Woman of Honour.

Fidel. Ay, and ought to be a dutiful Daughter too, my Lord, therefore the least I can do, is to consult my Daddy once more: He has sent for me just now too, I must go and hear what he says, and get out of this nasty Place, for I can scarce Breath in't.

Clora. Your Servant, Cousin, pray give my Service to the Doctor when you see him——which won't be till *Doomsday*, I dare swear.

[Exeunt. all but *Guia.*

Guia. Well! I find these young hoyden Ramps, when once the Town Vanities have infected 'em, are never to be reform'd; you may sooner take a wild *Irish* Man, and pretend to teach him the Office of a Chaplain, than bring one of these to hearken to any thing that's serious. Well, I must go to my Place——Hark, there's a Shout. [Shout within.] S'life if he should get up and

and I not by, he would Maunder at me all the rest of the Day
I'm fure. [Exit.

Enter Devil.

Devil. The Jade, Fortune, is resolv'd to make me swear at her to Day I see, for I have lost my Lord in the Crowd, and, Pox on't, my Regale of Brandy too ; and that my dear Bottle should fail me at this time of Day, is a greater Miracle than any the Mob will see I'm fure. I must replenish some way or other. Come rouze Wit, and try what's to be done to confute this Sign of a *Vacuum*. [*Shakes the Bottle.*] No Fool, no Cully coming that I may strike for a *George* or two — Humph! ——— What are these?

Enter Squire, Fieri Facias, Maggotile and Limbeck.

Squire. No appearance yet, and two Hours past the Time? I marvel!

Facias. Ah, my Child, 'tis dreadful to consider seriously on the matter, Crimes and Abominations may hinder even Cælestial Positions; besides, who knows but the prophetick Rapture having extasied the Sense, the Seer might mistake the Spirit, and the Word for his Rise might be in *May 807*; and then in all probability the Doctor mayn't come this Hundred Years.

Devil. The Doctor come, Ha, ha, ha, ridiculous Sot, these are some of the whimsical Crew I find.

Maggot. I must play the Philosopher and practise Patience, but on my Word, the Disappointment frets me a little, for you must know I had design'd mighty Things to have assisted the Restoration, this Head was at work you may be fure.

Limb. You had brought some Quantities of your never failing *Sal Maggotile*, I suppose, in case of a Numbness, Doctor.

Maggot. Ay, ay, Sir, and it should have enrubinated his Cheeks, and made a Vermillion Tincture come into his Nose immediately: Besides, 'tis reasonable to believe a Carrion's Bone might have cause for Exfoliation, which had been presently help't too by taking some *Cadaverous* Pouder that I brought, and Twenty Drops of Chymical *Oleum Sabina*.

Devil. A plaguy cramp word — I warrant that's a Conjuror at least.

Squire. I'd give Five Hundred Pound any Bone of him (if it were but a little Finger or a Toe) would appear above Ground only for Fancy's sake.

Devil.

Dev. Pox on them, these Crambo Rogues are not for my turn; here come others, let's see if they are for my purpose.

Enter Cobler, *Smith* and *Carter*.

Cob. Prophets, a parcel of Numbskull'd Rascals to make such Fools of us.

Cart. Prophets! Prophets, what do they mean by't? what is a Prophet I wonder, — ha! *Robin*.

Smith. Why look ye Neighbour, I can read you know; a Prophet of the Old Times was a kind of a, sort of a, as one might say in a manner look ye, by the way upon Occasion, do ye mind me Neighbour, was one that by way of Learning or so, could a — a —

Cart. Write and Read, and Cast Accompts I warrant.

Smith. Ay, ay, he could so Neighbour, he could so.

Cob. Why ay, that was something now, but I find these a parcel of Illiterable Maggot Heads, that go about Groaning and Snuffling, only to hatch Roguery; why here's no Dead Man will Rise now, I'll be Hang'd if he does.

Smith. And I'm sure thee ought'st to be Hang'd in earnest if he don't, for bringing me away from the *Pitcher* Ale-House here; I was playing at all Fours you must know *Robin*, with my Neighbour *Pye-Crust* the Pastry-Cook, I wanted but Three Up by these Ten Tickle Tobys, and this Plaguy Nisie here, would not let me stay to Play out my Game.

Cart. Ah! that was hard, faith *Tom*; thou should'st have stay'd till the Game was out, there was a good Pot of Double Beer lost I warrant; I know the Drink at the *Pitcher*.

Smith. Odzooks! as brown as a Berry, and a curious Head upon't, like any *May* Sillabub; and I must leave this Heavenly Liquor, to go and see your Miracle with a Murrain to' ye. [*Strikes* Cobler.

Squir. These People have been disappointed too, I see; ah! would the Tip of his Nose would but appear, so I were in Debt for't a Thousand Pounds.

Dev. These seem to be for my purpose, I'll try to bubble them faith, — Good morrow Gentlemen, Oh! I'm quite out of Breath with running — Pray does any of you know my Lord, my Lord *Noble*.

Omnes. Lord *Noble*! no not we.

Lim. There's another come now, let's hear what he says.

Dev. 'Tis consum'd unlucky, he has been waiting here all this Morning, to see the Dead Man Rise, and just before he got up on his Bum, unluckily went away.

Facias. How's that! What does he say?

Squir. Hush.

Cart. Oddidikins! why is he got up then, art sure on't Brother?

Dev. Sure on't, why I'm running after my Lord for Money, to get him a Pint of Brandy, and now as the Devil will have it, I can't find him, and for want on't, ten to one, but the poor Man will take pet and lye down again: Have ye any Charity Gentlemen? we Lords Servants have generally fine Cloaths, but seldom, or never any Money.

H

Cob. Very

Cob. Very likely, nor sometimes the Servants Lords neither ; but Odsme, this is such a Case, there, tker's my Nine Pence towards it, and you may call for't at the *Pitcher*. Here presently.

Cart. And there's my *Tester*.

Smith. And mine. Hoa, within there, *Sifsly*.

Enter Sifsly.

Put a Pint of Brandy into this Bottle quickly.

Squir. 'Tis my Lord *Noble's* Servant, if what he says be but *Authentick* now. —

Facias. Here a little more.

Smith. But is he got up upon his Feet then Friend ?

Dev. No, he's laid down again till the Brandy comes, his Stomach must needs be very cold you must think ; and by the by, my Spirits are a little spent too with Running and Sweating. [*Drinks.*]

Squir. I can hold no longer, pray Gentlemen forgive my Intrusion, — here Friend, here's a Guinea for thy Good News.

Maggot. O my Word, 'tis wonderful !

Dev. Your Servant Sir, Oons a Guinea ! ay marry Sir, this is the Fool I expected, I see now I shall be Drunk twice to Day, as I us'd to be.

Squir. The Fellow carrys a Visage of Credit, 'tis a plain Case he has it in him.

Cob. Ay Master, there's good Broth found sometimes under a black Potlid.

Squir. One Word more pray Friend, prithe what Part of him appear'd first ?

Dev. Why first look ye, he put out his Right Arm, and there was a Letter in his Hand directed to his Wife, I suppose he thought he might not be able to speak, and therefore us'd that way to bid her give him a Dram, which the Ignorant Creature had forgot to bring, and so I made haste away to fetch it ; besides, we knew his meaning by his putting his Fingers to his Mouth thus, look ye [*Drinks.*]

Squir. Odsme ! let's make hast, for I would not lose his first Speech for half my Estate.

Enter Copyhold.

Copy. Hold ye, hold ye Maister, whether are you going so 'vast I pray ?

Squir. Whither, why to see the Miracle, Booby, would not any Body make hast.

Copy. Ah br-Lady, then I'll tell ye, you'll prove a greater Booby by th' half, if ye go a voot further ; there's no Miracle Mon, no Dead Man rises, nor any thing like it ; odspluce 'em, the Volk say 'tis the plaguiest Cheat and Sham that ever was.

Dev. Here's a confounded Bumpkin Son of a Whore, what a plague shall I do now ? — Gad I'll take 'tother fuck to whet my Wit. [*Drinks again.*]

Squir. Humh ! the Fellow can't be in earnest sure.

Facias. The Cause seems somewhat puzzled.

Limb. Very Obstruse truly.

Smith. But d'ye hear, d'ye hear, Brother Cloudy.

Devil. Hark'e Brother, — and you Gent — that Fellow d'ye mark me, is a disguis'd Spy, I know him, he is one of the *Chevalier's* Footmen, and concerned in the late Invasion: — Let's mumble him a little as he deserves, and you shall share in the Guinea I got just now.

Omnes. Ay, with all our Hearts! with all our Hearts!

Cob. Ah Rogue, have we found ye out; d'ye think to put this upon us? *[Falls upon Copyhold and Beats him.]*

Devil. Ah Rogue, — have we found ye.

Coppy. Hold, hold Gentlemen, what d'ye mean? what d'ye mean I pray now?

Smith. You are for a new King are ye, we'll new King ye, Sirrah.

Copy. Oh Murder, Murder! *[They beat him out.]*

Devil. Ha, ha, ha, so Wit I thank thee one suck more of the Bottle, and then — sheer off. *[Drinks and Exit.]*

Squire. Things are now more confus'd then ever, — come let's away to the Seer, — the Spirit perhaps has given him a Substantial reason for all this, — for I can't doubt his Ability, — nor that of my Female good Genius, — they have it in'em, 'tis a cleer Case. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Magus, Marrogne.

Mar. You have spoila de whol Plot begar.

Mag. What makes ye Roar so loud? is the Devil in ye?

Mar. Garzoon, me cou'd Roar as loud as de Sea; you are Mad, your Brain have de grand Crack Morbleau — vor dat the Docteor have no appear as you promise, will make de People know we are all sheats, — ah Diable!

Mag. You know I depended upon the rise in *Scotland*; then the *Chevalier's* being Crown'd, wou'd have been finish'd e'er this time, and I cou'd have vary'd my Miracle as I pleas'd; but since that's delay'd, we must keep steady our Profelytes with Money, and set another Wheel agoing to amuse the Ignorant.

Mar. Begar Monsieur, you ave play all Fool very much, to be positiff the dead Man wou'd rise, was impudence enough trulee; but to fixa de time, when — aw the Deevla take you egh. — Morbleau, you ave undone us all.

Mag. Well, I must own there was a flaw in the conduct; but I was then in my Propetick Vein, and told the Story confidently so often, that gad I thought it true my self at last.

Marr. Ay, but to be cash in de Lye — dere is degrand ting; de Lye in it self may be fortbon, fort poper, fort natural, ven come off with Prudence, — but to be cash ogh, Marbleau, no Camisar in *France* was ever cash Marbleau.

Mag. Ah! the Mob will be impos'd on agen easily; there are very few Brains in —

Marr. In your Pate Masoy — which me shall prove in ver short tine: ecote, if to put de sheat upon dem, you had fixa one Tulip in his Mouth, and den make de Fool believe it wou'd grow dere, as we

have seen in *Flander* ; or vid de Spirit of Wine infutes, make Colour in his Cheek as if he were alive, and wou'd speaka dis Miracle, had pass for bien : But to pretend to raise de dead Doctor, and senda him home to Dinner, ah Diable, nothing but de damn Pophet *Englese*, wou'd promise dat begar.

Mag. Very well, but you crow a little too much methinks, for you need not fear but our inspir'd darling *Betty*, will manage the Squire for all this ; she has doz'd him so far, that some think he will Marry her ; besides, his firm belief to be made a Beau by her means, will certainly secure us.

Marr. Dere is van ting more of de grand concern, you order me dis Morning to go to your Daughter to receive 200 Guineas, to Bribe de new Profelytes ; and Jernie when me come, she laugh in my Face, shut the Doa, and no let me have one Soufe begar.

Mag. I have heard on't, and therefore sent for her to Chide her, and give her new Instructions. Here she comes, set your Face in order with a Spiritual grimace quickly.

Enter Fidelia.

Fid. Your Pleasure, Sir ?

Mag. That's a Prophane Word, my Will had been much better : My Will is then to give thee notice *Fidelia*, that by Supernatural Influence I am incited to Chide thee.

Fid. For what, Sir ?

Mag. To Rebuke thee loudly, to pour the rage of the Spirit on thee with violence.

Marr. Now we must Grona — humh.

Fid. Bless me ! what's the matta, Sir ?

Mag. Thou hast derided the Holy Ones of our Fraternity : thou hast affronted this good Man here, one of the Elect, and deny'd him Money for Pious uses.

Fid. For pimping Uses you mean, Sir ; 'slike if he be one of the Elect, there's a Whoremaster amongst 'em I'm sure ; the Young Prophetess that pretends to Work Miracles, can justify it, you know Mrs. *Plotwell*, don't ye Father Hypocrite ?

Marr. Ah, poor Womans ! me can bear, me can bear ; but come, 'tis enough, confine dat Carnal Weapon your Tongue, — do, do, poor Womans !

Fid. Confine your Carnal inclinations, ye false Apostle you, or else the whole Neighbourhood will be Debauch'd.

Mag. *Fidelia*, no more of this.

Fid. Indeed Sir, I think 'tis my Duty to let you see how you are impos'd on, and therefore I must lay him open a little ; I'll tell ye of a Divine Quarrel that happen'd lately between him and a Brother *Camisaf*, a great Mathematician.

Mag. I have heard it already, the Man had the hardiness to propose a method of Generation without a Female : — well, and what then, who knows what Art and Study can perform.

Fid. Who knows what Solid Impudence can affirm : this put the Rabbi there into such a Passion, who had then an Intrigue on his Hands, that calling his Inspir'd Brother Rascal, they went to Cuffs, and both the Amoretto and Woman-hater, came off with Bloody Noses.

Mar. Vil you no tank me den vor vindicate your Sex, — ah, barbara ! to get de Shild without de Woman is la Diable ; and begar he be no bon Prophet vor dat, but one Grand Metamatical Scoundrel parblieu.

Mag. Calm your Passion good Man. Daughter, I am offended at your Behaviour, and therefore now resolve to settle the Trust repos'd in you, on one that shall manage better ; Mony, the dross of the World, is only happy by serving Pious uses, and I intend every Penny of mine be so bestowed ; when you are worthy of a Call, I'll give you leave to dispose of my Estate, but till then, I'll henceforth be my own Steward agen, so begon and think on't.

Fid. Hah ! is it so then ? well I'm glad he has been so plain with me however, and if I let Thirty Thousand Pound, settled for my Fortune, be given as that Incubus shall direct, for want of a Call, I'll have my Bib and Apron pinn'd on agen, and let my self be shown, as I shall very well deserve, in *May-Fair* for a Changeling. [Exit.

Mag. So, here's another Frolick, we shall sooner be blown up by your Whoring than any thing else ; you *French Fitchow*, can't you For-nicate decently and in private, with a Pox t'ye. — Hush, nor a word more, here comes the *Squire*, we must confirm his new Modelling to be done quickly to put him in humour, for I know the late baulk has made him very Moody.

Mar. Vel, tak care and be Hang, and let me alone for my part.

Enter Squire, Ned, and Guaiacum.

Squire. No Doctor yet ?

Guia. No, they have found now the Hour was mistaken ; but are sure he will bewith me by Seven in the Morning ; I have accordingly order'd a Barber to Shave him : I wish ye much joy now to my own Affair.

Squire. Look'e *Ned*, no good Quality can be greater than Gratitude : remember the 100*l.* remember too my kindness in Posse ; therefore if thou art Gifted, which by my Troth it has been very hard for me to believe, give thy assistance to the repair of my Person, with what Alacrity is possible.

Ned. Well, Sir, when the dear Prophetess comes, we shall consult Measures. — S'death I shall Laugh in his Face and spoil all. [Aside.

Squire. Hast thou follow'd her Instructions in all the Serious points, and been Diligent about the Occasional Prayers.

Ned. Prayers Sir ?

Squire. Ay, those thou wer't to make ; has't got them by Heart, as was Order'd ?

Ned. Oh ! I remember now — why truly no, Sir, they are not yet got so far as the Councel Chamber of my Heart, but they are all in my Head Sir, and ready to get to my Tongues end at a Minutes

warning; when the Prophetess comes, we'll but join Faces together, and the Business shall be done out of hand. [Squire kneels to Magus.

Mag. Welcome my Child, and whilst I give my Blessing, let thy Brow clear, mourn not for Disappointments, the Stars will vary, and Forespoke resolves, are sometimes chang'd by Minute Ordinations.

Smile for thy self however, who shalt be,
Strait as a Pine, e're the Suns rise we see.

Squire. May lasting Honours Crown the mighty Prophet.

Mag. But where's the Fair Inspir'd, she that's Fated to do this Wonder.

Squire. Here comes one that was sent to wait on her hither: Now Brother Limbeck, have you brought her.

Enter Limbeck.

Limb. By Goodness, Sir, I don't know whether I have or no, her Figure is without yonder with some of our Friends, but so alter'd with a new Agitation, she has lately had, that I hardly know her; she says instead of a good Spirit, she's Possess'd with a Fury: talks of Villany and Falshood; and that she has been betray'd by some body, that she will neither Eat nor Drink till she's reveng'd on.

Ned. What new Trick is the Gipsy playing now I wonder? but what ere tis, I shall be the better for't I'm sure. [Aside.

Limb. She play'd such Pranks in the Coach, the Mob would hardly let us go along; she has pickt up Musick amongst 'em, and brought hither a Company of Rakehell Scoundrels, that humour'd her Frolick to Dance.

Mag. This is very strange—and hath something Ominous in its Nature.

Limb. She challeng'd a Parson that was coming by, to be Drunk with him at her own Cost in Cherry-brandy.

Sq. Bless me! i't possible? a Parson! why this looks like down right Frenzy, every one knows they hate that Liquor as they do the Devil.

Limb. And when I ask'd what ail'd her, a Plague take ye she cry'd, for a Confounded Poyson seller, don't you know that I've a plaguy Fit of the Stone upon me? and then raves out, give me some Tincture of *Lignum Nephriticum* presently, you Rascall, or some Powdered *Borax*, made up with *Turpentine* into Pills.

Guic. Aah! the duce take him for Nameing it, it makes me so impatient for my Husband.

Limb. Nay you'l wonder more presently: She has beaten the Lawyer and Dr. Maggotile yonder like Dogs She swore she'd put him into a Fit of Agitation, by makeing him take through a Funnel a Pint of his own *Fooleosum*, and if I had not run for't, she would have made me swallow a Lump of *Assafatida* as big as a great Walnut—here she comes, Oh! the Fits a little off now I see, she's something Tamer.

Enter Betty, led between Sciresacias and Maggotile.

Magus. Can this be true is told, how is she my good Friends?

Fac. Oh! Strangely disorder'd: you shall Judge of her your self presently.

Magg. She has broke my Head in Three Places; I wish the *Perri-crane* is not Contus'd: but if it be 'tis nothing, for taking Two Spoonfulls of my Restorative *Sal*, is a certain Cure. It does not only heal Wounds Gentlemen, but deter even Old Age; I use it my self every Morning to Confirm Juvility, and my Wife says Experimentally, I am much younger than I was Thirty Years ago.

Betty. Where is the Prince, the Beau that is to be? can he be a Deceiver too, to forget his promised Love and Die a Monster?

Sq. No thou Dear Darling of the Cherubims, straight and upright in Soul; and I hope to be shortly in Body.

Ned. Ay, as an Old cast Rams-Horn upon the Common.

Sq. And for my promised Faith, I will now Confirm it in the Words of the Great *Magus*, these Arms shall Embrace thee, and as I Delight my self over thee, so shall thy Panting Heart breathe and rise with Tenderness; and Express it self with Transport.

Betty. Yonder the Villain is, and the very Sight of him makes me almost Frantick in Reality. — Oh, — Oh, — [Aside.

Limb. Oh! the hot Fit's going to begin I see.

Fac. Now Mark.

Sq. Look on thy Faithful Devoted, thou Sweet Inspirer;

Betty. The Seasons change, hah — a New Orb appears, — Nature New Model'd; if that Sound be Real. [Raving.

Pshaw. Faithful — *Psha*, 'tis a Lie, a loud Lie, there's no such Thing in Nature; what, you'll keep your Word, you mean with a Design to come to Bed to me, no, I am afraid you are the Strong Man of *Kent*: a huge one! a Giant, a Giant, I Tremble, you'll Ravish me.

Sq. No, No, Dear Creature, a Giant; no, no, I'm mild as thy Withes; and would make thee my Wife.

Betty. A Wife! ah *Robin-hood*, I find you out, that is a Butt for you to Shoot your Arrows at; then let me see, you'd use a Wife like a Pot of Chocolate, you'd Breakfast upon me, or Sup upon me perhaps; and then set me by for another Occasion.

Mag. Madness with Method.

Betty. No, No, let Perjury go on and Prosper; and let all Stations Controvert each other: Things never were, nor will be what they seem, for I that was a Saint, am now a Devil.

Fac. Now it heightens, pray mind.

Betty. Hang all Pretenders to Veracity; let the Senate make it Treason to be Sincere and Honest, — Oh! how the Black Gowns, and loopt Gowns, and Fur'd Gowns, and Fac'd Gowns would Snigger and Sneer over their Coffee and Tea; Unveil, Unveil ye Hypocrites, I Influence ye? I Inspire ye all, first you Lawyer, dye' hear, before you blow up your Conscience tightly; and then let *Lucifer* kick it up and down your Carkass like a Football: take Fees with both Hands, and if there's Money enough, let the Cause be Right on both sides, and Swear it without Scruple; I License you to Murder without Fear too; scrawl 'oer your Recipes at all Adventures, and make Experiments by killing Thousands: — before you don't Read dy'e hear, Knowledge is a Leprosie, and will be
Odious

Odious to the Faculty, — ha, ha, ha, — as for your part you are a Wizard ; Rabby, you'll be hang'd for Conjuring the Dead Doctor out of Limbo : and you for taking Druggs from Chymick Dunces unskill'd how to prepare 'em : but don't Recant, tho' you are Damn'd go on, I Charm ye all, thus, thus with Blows to shew Authority [beats all.

Ned. Oh ! she turns this Way, now I shall know the Myſtery.

Betty. But now for thee — Oh Lucifer ! thou art.

Ned. Thy own, Dear Betty ; thy own, True and Constant. [Aside.

Betty. A Ten Times greater Devil than thy ſelf, but i'll not be daunted ; St. Dunſtan fought him with a Pair of Tongues, what's your Weapon, Gogmagog ? Name it then, take that, and Fight me if you dare.

[Strikes him with her Rod.

Ned. Death ! what muſt I do now ? ſhe has beat me out of my Guard.

Betty. Oh ! is it ſo then, what does Proweſs falter ? but 'tis no wonder, Treachery and Fear are always Cater-Couſins ; why doſt thou wear that Coat, thou Villain, Traytor, that Emblem too of Honour by thy ſide, that wou'd'ſt turn Aguish at a Taylor's Bodkin : You have a Commiſſion, Recreant, have you not, and take your Sovereign's Pay ? refun'd for ſhame, or thus I'll make ye. [Strikes him.

Ned. I am at my Wits end, — what a plague does ſhe mean ?

Betty. This is the Captain, the Victorious Captain, the Baſe, Lewd, Perjur'd, Coward, Doughty Captain, that will be Huſt and Switcht ; bear Witneſs all. [Switches him.

Ned. Hold, hold, Gad this is a little over-acted Betty. [Aside.

Betty. Oh ! never bristle Bully, I dare ſhew ye, I am a Feind of thy own making, by thee Poſſeſt, and thus Confeſs my ſelf ; I am the Whore of Babylon, and Queen of Nations, Crown me, and here I take my State ; [puts on Neds Hat, and ſits down.] Give me ſome Muſick there, and let the Slaves of my Retinue Solace.

Giac. I'll Sing her the Agitation Song ſhe lik't ſo t'other day, come Brother, [Dance here, and Song] to a Camizar.

S O N G.

By way of Dialogue, between a Prophet and Mrs. Guiacum.

I.

Guia. **E** Levate your Joys, ye Inspir'd of the Town ;
The Camizars are come, are come, to Inſtruct and Conſute the
(Black Gown.

Proph. Germany and France have been Dancing the Figg,
And now they ſain, they ſain, they ſain, would new Model the Tory
(and Whigg.

Guia. We Preach and we Pray,
The Spirit moves, and then we ſhake and quake, and Gambols we play.

Proph. This, Divine we call, and gathers up the Mobb,

Guia. The Devil and all.

Proph.

II.

Proph. Pillorys we laugh at, and Infamy there ;
 The loss of Ears, and Lash, we proudly affirm is an Honour to bear.

Guia. Round about the Nation, thus Madly we go,
 And where we find, we find, the Fools are most Fertil, our Tenets we

Proph. A Change we'd obtain ; (Sow.
 And in a Trance, we roar and rant, and hum, and Profelytes gain.

Guia. Eagerly they come, and joyn to promote,

Proph. Rebellion at Home.

Betty. Hold now, pray cease a little, the Frantick *Demon* mimickt
 by their Gambols, in rage has left me, and I can now talk calmly.

Mag. We all rejoyce at it.

Squir. Speak my beloved, Oh ! tell thy true Admirer, how came
 this strange Possession ?

Betty. Pray give us leave a little, I must vent a Secret, by that
 Wretches means your Kinsman. [Pointing to Ned.]

Squir. Who, Ned ? nay, not unlikely faith, I always doubted him.

Betty. He being Possess'd with a malignant Spirit, impos'd upon my
 Innocence, who took it for a good one.

Ned. Bullets and Gunpowder, what is she doing now ? [Aside.]

Betty. And knowing that the good Turn I was to do you, wou'd en-
 gage ye gratefully to Marry me, and settle an Estate that he design'd
 for himself, Hellishly charms me to believe, that he cou'd assist in your
 Cure, which I poor Soul gave Credit to ; but now being restor'd to
 Sense again, deny ——— therefore dear Sir, keep further from him,
 for in real Truth, he is a very Devil.

Squire. I believe it, nay by this Hand I always thought so ——— do
 but see how he looks there, there's the very Goggle and Gloom of
 Satan upon his Phyz ; — 'tis a clear case, he has it in him.

Ned. This is *Arabick*, *Chaldean*, and the Devil and all, I under-
 stand not one Word.

Betty. But the good Spirit is now return'd again my sweet Friend,
 and thou shalt be strait as a Mast to morrow, ——— provided Love
 is firm.

Squir. As Rocks in *Cornwall*.

Betty. And the Marriage Settlement secur'd, ——— that his Curst
 Fiend play no new Trick with me.

Squir. Here's the Deed in my Bosom, I give this and my Heart
 together. [Gives a Deed.]

Betty. 'Tis a Match then, — stay, I am prompted to blast him with a Word
 or two, by way of Counter-charm ; [aside to Ned.] thou wonder'st at
 my Actions, wonder still ; things Ill begun, strengthen themselves by
 Ill, *Macbeth* says in the Tragedy. And that you may have Noble
 Captain, a better insight into this Comedy that I have Play'd, I'll ren-
 der ye the Plot on't here in Writing, and so leave ye to advance your
 future Fortune with your kind Landlady Spunge, [Gives a Paper.] Come
 my

my beloved, my tall Flourishing Cedar ; and Gentlemen pray let's retire into the next Room, — keep this way all, there's an Evil Spirit yonder, that watches to do Mischief, — this way pray, and I will tell ye wonders.

Mag. She winks on me to fide with her, methinks a Sultry Blast offends extreamly, which must proceed from the Evil Spirit She spoke of, — keep off Friends, — this is prodigious. [*All start from Ned.*]

Squir. Never goggle at me ye Fiend, I am above it, and fear Nought, I expected this some time since, and when he cou'd not get the Prayers so far as the Council Chamber of his Heart, I thought the Devil was waiting at the Lobby-Door ; — but come, let's leave the Hell-hound, — this way, this way, pray Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Ned.

They have half Confirm'd me I am Possess'd indeed. S'death, was there ever such a Farce play'd ? But here's what I suppose unriddles all. Ha ! what is't I see ? a piece of Sir Charles's Love Letter in Verse to *Clora* : Ha, ha, 'tis plain now, all this is the Effect of Jealousy ; the prating Hostess I find, has been playing the Fool, and telling her 'twas mine has done all this Mischief ; I must haste and undeceive her, — she has Wittingly got the Estate I see, and such a prize must not be lost for want of Diligence ; I'll about it instantly.

*The greatest Blessing can be given by Fate,
Is a Good Wife that brings a Good Estate :
Prudence adorns, and so does Precious Gold,
Both choice Materials for to have and hold :
Who flights the first, shou'd be with Shame disgrac'd ;
But he's the worst of Fools neglects the last.* [*Exit.*]

End of the Fourth A C T.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Charles, Ned and Kate.

Kate. **C** All me Polecat and She Otter, Lobster, ye Butter'd Craw-Fish, — Odslife, I won't bear it and you were twenty Captains ; and y'are a Base Man, so ye are.

Ned. Why ye old Vixen Fox, ye Fitchow, with fifty Tongues in your Head, and each as noisy as a Mill-Clapper ; han't ye undone me ?

Kate. Hang me like a Dog, I was ne'r call'd so much in my born days.

Sir Char. Nay, but faith Mistress what d'ye call 'em ; you were a little tardy, to affirm my Billet Deux to be the Captains, meerly upon your Foolish Surmize, was a Note beyond E la — what Punishment do you deserve, if the Mistake shou'd make him loose her now ?

Kate. What must I do Sir ? for my part, for all he has us'd me so, methinks I would do any thing in reason.

Sir Char.

Sir Char. Well, let's see then; first, you must with all possible speed find out the Prophetess, and undeceive her; tell her 'twas your unlucky Mistake, which I being come to Town, am ready to vouch; and then to contradict your former Story, be sure to enlarge upon his Constancy, his Merit, his Passion, his Concern, and this, and that, and t'other, you know.

Kate. O Lord! I'll do't Sir within this half Hour, for I know where she is this Moment, and if the Captain would but be Friends with me, I'de be bound Body for Body, within little more than that time, to bring her to him in Person. *[Sobbing and Crying.]*

Ned. Pshaw, this is all Bounce, nothing else.

Sir Char. No, faith, if she engages in't, I dare answer for her, and wee'll be ready to tagg the matter, — well away then, no more Sobs nor Blubbering, but make haste, the Time's pretious, and the Crump-Squire it seems is very hot upon his Marriage.

Kate. Oh! hang me like a Dog, he shan't have her, no, since I have done the Woman wrong, I'll now do my endeavour to right her; She shan't take up with half a Man, She shall have more Justice done her than so. *[Exit Kate.]*

Sir Char. So Friend, I'll warrant ye now for her performance, in relation to the undeceiving your Prophetess; but for my own part, I'm still in a Wilderness, and the way to manage my little Whimsical Wild Doe

Ned. Is not so difficult dear *Charles* as you imagine, there is more Whimsical Variety in the Humor of Woman kind, than in any other Creature whatever; and I think I have Studied that of your Mistress, since your absence, perfectly; She's in her Nature, a kind of *Spartan*, or rather indeed, has a sort of *Spaniel* Temper; for positively, the Worse ye use her, the kinder and more obliging will be her returns.

Sir Char. Strange Humour indeed! and is this thy Solid and Serious Opinion?

Ned. By our Friendship it is, do but try her once that way, and with a negligent Air of indifference, seem to slight and rally her in her own way, — and my Life for yours, you'll find good effect in't.

Sir Char. Why then well fare Stratagem, faith I'll try, it shall never be said that a fellow of Spirit lost a pretty Woman and a good Fortune, for want of trying the right way to get her: If she loves the Game of Cross purposes so well, I'll fit her I warrant thee.

Enter Sollid.

Ned. Oh, Mr. *Sollid* your Servant, there's Joy in your Face, come prithee let's partake, out with it instantly.

Sol. You are a great Physiognomist I find Captain, and infinitely in the right now I assure ye, for to shew you I am very Joyful, and have Thirty Thousand Poundsworth of Reason for't; know, the Love affair has succeeded as we desir'd, and my Lord was Married about an Hour ago.

Ned. Why *Hymen* be praised, 'tis Lucky indeed.

Sir Char. Married! what to her thou told'st me of *Ned*?

Ned. The same my Lord, a rare Girl, by, this Light — She has
I 2 Dutifully

Dutifully Chous'd her Daddy of all his Writings, Jewels and Money, since She was to leave him, and cleave to a Husband, She resolv'd to do it with a Cement that would last.

Sol. Ay, and has done it as Subtilly too, as if she had swallowed as many Law Quirks, as She has done Porringers of Oatmeal Cawdle ; they are all coming hither, and fearing you should go out, sent me before, to desire you to stay.

Ned. I'm happy that no business engag'd me abroad.

Sol. Nay, I can tell ye my Lord has some good Tidings for you too, he was just now at a place where *Kate Spunge* and your little *Prophetess* were arguing about ye, I don't know the matter, but 'twas ended with a great deal of Mirth.

Sir Char. So, that's well however, the Jade I find has been Super-Diligent, and met with *Clora* sooner than we expected.

Ned. I hope so, I shall be satisfied presently, — for yonder I see my Lord coming through the Garden with his Bride, and your little Madcap Mistress. Faith *Sir Charles*, now's your time to Attack, we'll give ye Opportunity I warrant ye.

Sir Char. Well Friend, since it must be so, prithee wish me good Luck, and since I find in a Siege like this, Sapping will do little or no good, I will proceed more roughly ; — but by Heaven, as Dangerous as they were, had I been to Attack one of the Counterscarps of *Lisle*, it wou'd not half so much disorder me.

Enter Lord Noble, and Fidelia and Cub.

Lord. *Sir Charles*,

Sir Cha. My dear Lord.

L. N. Welcome to England my Rover, and I'm glad to see thee look so well ; — Well Friend *Ned*, I have such an Opinion of thy Freindship, and of the security of thy Lodgings, that I have done thee the Honour to bring my Angel, my Soul, my Happiness here, for a present Shelter in 'em.

Ned. Your Lordship has done me many Honours, but none comparable to this.

L. N. Address to her my Friends, and give my unbounded Satisfaction leave to say, you do it now as to a part of me.

Fidel. I am caught at last Gentlemen, my Lord has a peculiar Art in winning.

Sir Cha. The Satisfaction my Lord that fills your Breast, diffuses through all your Humble Servants. [*They Salute Fidelia.*]

L. N. Thanks to my Stars, the Dear Creature and I have joyn'd together at last to balk the Spirit of Prophecy : besides, they are all undone another way, for there's News come that the Invasion is quite frustrated : a Protestant Storm hurry'd away the Enemy's Admiral Forty Leagues beyond his design'd Post ; and the *Chevalier* is stole to France again, to keep a *Basset Bank* with the 20000 Pieces the *Pope* gave him.

Ned. Ha, ha, ha, rare, rare, even beyond hopes ! but pray my Lord, has your Lordship no more Company ? sure I saw another Lady come into the Garden.

L. N.

L. N. There did so, and she's now gathering Flowers in one of the Ally's, she'll not appear till she knows you are gone *Ned*, which you'll be willing to do, upon another Account, for I can tell ye, my Hostess *Kate* wants ye this Moment upon another Affair, which she says is very Material.

Ned. By Heaven! and 'tis certainly so, my Lord I beseech ye Command all Things here,—I must beg leave and begon. [Exit *Ned*.]

L. N. Ay, ay, prithee make haste *Charles*, I have heard of your long Suit to the Lady in the Garden; and faith to surprise her now, will be pleasant enough, she'll venture up now she has seen the Captain go out. Call her, my Life, she'll come when she hears you.

Fid. I told her here was a Long Gallery full of fine Pictures, she's a great Admirer of Painting; if any Thing decoys her, 'twill be that,—why Cousin, what are you doing, won't you see the Pictures?

L. N. Oh! she's coming, — let's leave 'em together, *Charles* is a Man of Honour; he'll do her no wrong I'm sure.

Sir Char. My Lord, I must beg you to lend me your Servant? I have never a one so fit here.

L. N. With all my heart; come my Dear.

Fid. She'll rail at me Prodigiously for this, [Exit Lord N. *Fid*. *sollid*.]

Sir Char. So, that way is secure, *Cub*, stand you behind there till she comes in, and then speak to her as you see Occasion. [Sits and writes.]

Enter *Clora*.

Clora. [Humming a Song.] Hum, hum! well Madam, where are ye got?

Cub. Dev. Oons Madam, where are you got? [Kecks as almost drunk.]

Clor. Ah! blefs me, what are these? [Shreeks.]

Sir Cha. So! there's the first Effect of Surprise shot off, I'll not mind her, but pretend to be writing a Love-Letter; — what a plaguy Wind comes in there: lock that outward Door *Cub*.

Clor. Cub! 'tis the very Devil himself sure; — Heaven! how he frights me! the Door lockt too, — what can be the meaning of this?

Cub. Dev. Hey! what have we got here? some Furbelow Sin breeder flown in at the Window like a Robin Redbreast in Winter, to peck up some Crums of Comfort; why how now Lady of the Lake, who are you in the Name of Fornication, ha?

Sir Cha. But 'twas your fair Eyes that first kindled the Fire in my Heart: what a pox ye Rascal, are you talking to your self?

Cub. Dev. No, no, to my self Sir! pray look up, and see what my Noble Brother the t'other black Gentleman hath sent us here.

Clor. My old Suitor, *Sir Charles Courtly*, as I live; that us'd to Teize me so before he went to Travel. — pish!

Cub. Dev. Here's a fine Mark, if you have a mind to try your Pistols.

Clor. Confusion! no way to get out? [Looks about.]

Cub. Dev. Ay Madam, that's a Closet, hae, hae, you may go in Madam, 'tis prop—properly furnish'd Madam, and tho' the Gentleman be a little busy at present, Madam. —

Clor. Brute! what cou'd they design by leaving me thus? [Looks agen.]

Cub.

Cub. O there, there Madam, that's the Bed-Chamber; with very pretty conveniencies too Madam: ha, ha, ha, won't you go in Madam?

Clor. I'm at my Wits ends.

[*Looks in a Third Place.*]

Cub. Dev. Oh Madam! that's the Cole hole, there's nothing there but a broken Chair and a Basket.

Clor. Horrid Feind! S'death is he blind yonder too, that he does not see me?

Sir Char. Admit then that Passion, Sweet, that you so Divinely have Inspir'd.

[*Reading.*]

Clor. He's upon a Love-Letter, and minds me not; — now does that begin to nettle me, tho' I have nothing to do with it, Oh, he's rising.

Cub. Dev. Won't you go in here, do Fubby? ha, ha, ha, do Fub, Furbillee, do prithee, do now.

Sir Char. Why how now Sir? who are you wittycizing upon? what what does the Captain intend to threat Chere entire to Day? and has sent me a taft before hand.

Cub. Dev. I believe so Sir and I fancy you had best make use of it, as a Whet to sharpen your Stomach for the rest of your Dinner.

Sir Char. No, now I think on't, 'twill pall my Appetite to a better Treat that I have design'd already; — and at Two a Clock, I'll not fail to meet my pretty Charmer.

[*Reads.*]

Clor. O Vexatious! what shall I do? sure he has forgot me.

Sir Char. But prithee how came this Fop-hunter here? are my Rings, my Watch, and my Linnen safe? who is she, dost thou know her?

Cub. Dev. Gad, I think I do; I think I have seen her before.

Sir Char. Where prithee?

Cub. Dev. Why, I believe in the Play-House Passage, plying for Prentices, and Attorney's Clarks.

Sir Char. Well, be what she will, I can't Oblige her now, I have a Mistress of my own to mind at present; as soon as I'm ready — Madam, since you have done me this Honour, I hope you'll give me leave to Dress before ye; — go quickly *Cub*, fetch my Shirt within there, and let me strip.

Clor. Strip! ods'life I shall run mad — *Fidelia*; *Fidelia*, my Lord, what all gone? this must be an Abuse.

Sir Char. It can be no ill Sight *Fubs*; to see a clever clean limb'd Fellow uncas'd.

Clor. Sir, tho' I am Confin'd here, and ill us'd by my Acquaintance yonder: yet methinks, Honour shou'd engage ye to use a Gentlewoman with decency.

Sir Cha. A Gentlewoman! Decency — oh, I understand you; that is in short Child, a Beef Stake and a Bottle, I suppose; but I have hinted to thee before, that I am at present engaged; besides, there is some hazard in Strangers.

[*Looks from her.*]

Clora. He won't look upon me, I never was so plagu'd in my Life. Strangers Sir! pray give your Eyes the Liberty to turn a little this way, and see if they dont know me.

[*Starts.*]

Sir Cha. Humh! know thee! oh *Jupiter* and *Semele*! what my Quondam

Quondam ador'd and impenetrable *Clora*? well, Miracles are not ceas'd then I see, for that she should design to come to any Gentlemans Lodging with a less design, than, with the Lightning of her Eyes, to annihilate him, is beyond my apprehension.

Clora. Well, you remember me then however?

Sir Cha. Oh, most feelingly. You are I think the fatal She, that despising my Amorous tho' honest Suit, sent me in despair to the *East Indies*, where I have been fishing for Pearl this Two Years; and yet am wiser now, thanks to your management, than to bestow on any Woman in *England* for her Favour, so much as an Ear-bob; — but come, what do I waste time in prating for? the Shirt, the Shirt.

[To a Servant who goes for't.

Cub. Ay, ay, the Shirt, the Shirt, come.

Clo. I'm Distracted! Sir, I know your Humanity will oblige ye, to be civil to my Sex and Quality, tho' I have been so unhappy to Offend ye.

Sir Cha. Faith, Madam, my Nature was ever very little inclined to be Brutish; but my looking on you has made me forget the Humanity you speak of; your former Barbarity never gave me leave to improve in't I'm sure.

Clo. He touches me tenderly; this is no fawning. [Aside.

Sir Cha. But what Riddle is this? what's the Occasion? how came ye here? if to the Captain, he's gone Madam, he's gone.

Clo. I came to no Captain Sir, but seek my own Company: why are you so rude to me, and Lock the Door?

Sir Cha. I Lock the Door? S'death, dy'e take me for Groom of the Chambers; hey *Cub*, prithee take the Key, and set Madam there in her right way; I am for no such Tyrannick Conversation; I'm going to a Love, soft, plyant, and endearing. [Sings.

Clo. He has melted me like Wax, I cannot bear it; this indifference of his, has shot me to the Soul. — Nay, now Sir, since I have lost my Company, you shall be troubled with me a little longer: — For shame Sir, do you pretend to wear a Title of Honour?

Sir Cha. Why, Madam, I hope Knighthood don't disgrace a Gentleman.

Clo. And will you then go to a Wench?

Sir Cha. Most certainly; and think my Spurs not a jot the more rusty, Faith.

Clo. If you consider Sir, I'm sure you won't.

Sir Ch. Ah! Pox on Consideration; I was in a Milk dyet of that, when my ill Fortune made me come to you for a Cordial Recipe, when I was forc'd to wait under a Window, till Water was thrown on my Head, tell a whining Tale of my Love Passion, till you with that of Anger were ready to Spit in my Face, and Sue and Beg to get myself into the Conjugal Noose, when all the Judicious wou'd Conscienciously Swear, 'twere better for me to deserve and submit to one at the Gallows: — No, no, I'm Converted, I'm convinc'd: — Will I go to a Wench? yes, Faith will I immediately.

[Sits down and Rolls up his Stockings.

Cub.

Cub. Gad, and all the Reason in the World.

Clo. I'm Lost, he subdues me Totally ; ——— yet, hear a little Reason, the Seasons Change, and so may Humours Sir, Women are flexible to Good as well as Ill ; ——— besides, have you no regard to Vertue ?

Sir Cha. Vertue ! yes Faith, I shou'd like Vertue in a Woman well enough, if she did not make it turn into Pride, as Wine into Vinegar, or blow up a Smoaking Fire every Day with it to blind me, or make my Head ache : Now this Creature I am going to, has a Love, and such an engaging Mildness, that no other Vertue can be comparable I'm sure Will I go to a Wench ? ay, certainly.

Cub. S'bud, come away then.

Clo. Suppose I shou'd relent and be sorry, is my Beauty and Fortune more contemptible than formerly.

Sir Cha. Oh, she's coming Faith ! riddles ! riddles ! I don't understand 'em ; ——— but as I was saying of my Dear Puggy, she never Answers me but with a Curtsy, as low as a Girl at the Boarding School ; and then in a Note like A la mire flat, cries, yes dear Sir, no dear Sir, and what shall I do ? and where shall I go ? and when will you please to have your Bed warm'd, sweet Sir ? oh, 'tis Extasy !

Clo. Am I in appearance so untractable a Savage ?

Sir Cha. Oh, that's not worth my while to consider, I've done with Appearances, and will engage with what's certain, a kind Mistress is a Solid good I know.

Clo. Suppose you shou'd try me once more.

Sir Cha. I'll try no more *Phillies* that must be rid with Martingals, I'm for one that goes easie, and has been taught her Paces : And so dear Puggy I'm coming. Will I go to a Wench ? yes Faith Will I, and this Minute too.

Cub. Why don't ye then ? ——— Pox what do ye loyter for ?

Clo. You shan't, you must not go ; pray look on me, is there nothing left in my Face to please ye ?

Sir Cha. P'shaw, what if there is ? I am not to be Fool'd now ; am not I acquainted with your Temper ?

Clo. You have chang'd it Sir ; you have Artfully gone the right way to work, and made a Conquest.

Sir Cha. Ah, Words ! Words ! shall I believe that ?

Clo. I'll prove it Sir by Actions.

Sir Cha. Ay, come, how, how ?

Clo. Permit me to go to my Company, and promise me to make no lewd Visit, and I give ye my Word and Honour, within half an Hour, to send my Resolves in a Letter to your full Satisfaction.

Sir Cha. Pish, a Trick, a Trick.

Clo. By Heav'n I'm in earnest ; pray believe me.

Sir Cha. That was a Serious Look I confess ; and you will do this you say ?

Clo. There's my Hand on't ; by all that's Good and True, I will.

Sir Cha. Open the Door *Cub*, I'll put some Trust in Woman once more ;

more; let the worst happen, there's Dear obliging Puggy still, she'll be kind I'm sure.

Clo. S'life a Word more of that and you Murder me. Come Black Gentleman, not forgetting the Closet and Coal-hole, and your Charcoal Relations within enclos'd, your Office quickly, come.

Cub. Oh, with profoundest Respect, Madam; but pray let me Entertain ye with a new Song first, ——— and then your most Humble Servant.

S O N G.

I.

Would ye have a young Virgin of Fifteen Years?
 You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears;
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
 Sing a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears.
 Wittily prettily talk her down;
 Chace her and praise her, if Fair or Brown.
 Sooth her and smooth her,
 And teize her and please her,
 And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

II.

Do ye fancy a Widow well known in Man?
 With a front of Assurance come boldly on:
 Let her rest not an Hour, but briskly, briskly
 Put her in mind, how her Time steals on.
 Rattle and prattle, altho' she frown;
 Rowse her and towze her, from Morn to Noon.
 Shew her some hour
 You'l Answer her dower;
 Then get but her Writings, and all's your own.

III.

Do ye fancy a Punk, of a Humour free,
 That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality?
 You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 Pleasures best Charm, is variety.
 Swear her much fairer than all the Town;
 Try her and ply her, when Cully's gone.
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with Two Guineas, and all's your own.

Cub. Gad a plaguy smart Baggage I warrant her. [Exit Clora.

Sir Cha. Victoria! was ever Woman in this Humour Woo'd? was ever Woman in this Humour Won? as Divine Shakespear says. ———

Come *Cub*, I'll get my Cloaths on, and make haste to my Lord.—
This was my Critical Minute I hope. [Exeunt

Enter Ned, Betty, Kate and Parson.

Ned. Well dear *Kate*, now I thank thee, thou hast atton'd for past Miscarriages effectually, thy Diligence in clearing the late Mistake, and this good Mans readiness in performing the Conjugal Work, has confirm'd my happiness; and now sweet *Betty*, I'm thine for ever.

Betty. He has done notably, and since all things go as they shou'd, and neither of us now can deceive one another, let us make our selves merry with those we have impos'd upon; there's my *French Rabbi*, and you Uncle, singly waiting for me in those two Rooms, in expectation of finishing different Projects; and there's an Avenue with a peeping hole, where you may be Privy to all; away thither quickly, I'll not be long at my Work, and in the mean time I warrant ye, you shall be diverted.

Ned. My Life! my Witty Angel, I adore thee.

Kate. Ay, and what d'ye think Captain, of a Pint of my *Coigniac* there? what, hang me like a Dog, there's no Laughing like over a good Dram; Gad we'll have it.

Ned. Ay, ay, Honest *Kate*, with all my Heart, what thou wilt. [Exit. Kate and Ned.

Marr. Within, Qui est la ——— who be dat, eigh? ma chere, Madamoiselle *Betty*?

Betty. Ay, ay, Father, who shou'd it be, won't you come out?

Enter Marrogne in Red.

What! and ready Drest for your Expedition into *Scotland*; why you han't heard the ill News I suppose then?

Mar. Ah, Baggotelle! Baggotelle! yes, yes, me have hear all.

Betty. The *Chevalier* is disappointed, the Invasion come to nothing; S'life, are not these Confounded Tydings?

Mar. Yes fait—— de Tiding be enough Confounded, dat is ver true; but vat signify de Grand Misfortune of de varl, ven me have de plasure vor touch dis white soft hum—— ma chere, ma chere,—— hum. [Kisses her Hand.

Betty. Why your Master the *Monsieur*, and Madam *Scarron*, have been plaguily out of late, what think you Father?

Mar. *Scarron*! hush! have care what you tell, —— Morblieu, dey say she be now de Queen, de Queen; —— ah, she have de deevla in dat Brain Parblieu: but vat you tell me of Tink, me tink of nothing begar, but ma chere *Betty*,—— and dis, dis, and dis. [Kissing her Hand.

Betty. By this Amorous Fir, I find then the late ill Success has not affected you at all; —— why sure you are Sensible, that all our Prophetical Tribe must certainly be blown up.

Mar. Vid all mine Heart begar, de deevla blow dem over de Mountain of de *Orcades*; vat is dat to you or me ma chere, eigh —— Ecote ma chere, me have provide vor us—let mine Brain alone vor dat. [Kissing.

Betty. The Devil take him, I must suffer it, tho' the Goat has been chawing Garlick like a fury; —— provide, ay, let's hear how.

Marr.

Marr. Aw fort, easement you see dis disguise ; in dis Habit me vi-
steal of, sheat all our Broder de fool Prophet ; carry away one Toufand
Pound of deys, — dat me have in one little Cabinet yonder. For make
us merry at Port *Mahone*, get one Commission presently, to be one
Grand Captain vor ferva de Pope, and mine *Betty* shall be mine chere
Lieutenant.

Betty. Shall I, why then hey for Popery, and pulling down Princes ;
I'll strut, and look as Gruff as a *German* Trooper, over a Couring *French-*
Man, that he resolves to give no Quarter to — and shall we fiz and
fire, and bounce, ha ! Father ?

Marr. Ay begar, we will Phiz and Bounce, and Crack ma chere
like de Fire and Faggot.

Betty. Ay, ay, we'll have a touch of the Old Game still, nothing
like a Priest — for Fire and Faggot you know, Father.

Marr. Ah my Honey, my pret Rogue ; now you shall see how me have
provide for you, have de Patience one Moment till me step in. [Exit.

Betty. Hift, hift, Captain, — did you ever see two Hypocrites
Act a Scene better ?

Ned above. 'Tis admirable my dear ; but prithee when comes
my Uncle's part in ?

Betty. Presently Child, he's now in the next Room, poring over some
Sham Prophecies, to bribe the Spirit for his Transformation — hush,
here comes *Camizar* again.

Enter Marrogne, with Lac'd Coat, Breeches, and a Cabinet.

Mar. Here ma vie — here be de provison for you, one Gallant
Habit for one Beau Officer ; me brought dem from *France*, upon one
grand design (dat is to disguise one little *French* Whora, dat me kept
begar ;) [*Aside.*] dey were made by de Sheef Tallieur to de *French* King,
who be one Grand Homme, vat you call one Gret, ver Gret Man.

Betty. A very Great Man ! — what is he a Count ?

Mar. Yes begar, and one of his Privy Council.

Betty. A Taylor of his Privy Council ! — nay, then I don't won-
der he has made so many Blunders of late.

Mar. Here be de Su, tout ah ! vid one Aire Charmant, and den looka,
looka, dis be de Breesha, — ver pret Breesha begar ; — here be de
fine Pocket on dis side, and here be de fine Pocket on toder side ; here be
de pret Leetell Sleta before, eigh ma chere Honey, looka, looka.

Betty. Why you will make me a Sparkish Officer I see, Odslife !
that's a very good thing.

Mar. Me vil mak you mine Bedfellow too, ma chere a me ; and
Parblieu, dat is one oder ver good ting ; beside, here be in dis Cabinet,
One Toufand Pound, wat you tink of dat you leetle Fubbe, you Rogue ?

[*Aside.*

Betty. I think I must have it before you and I part, or else my
Fortune will Jilt me damnably ; why I think dear Sir, that if you are
so kind to design it for me, that I shall make return immediately, —
for there's the *Squire* in the next Room, with his Taylor and his new
Clothes ; he's fwelled into a Dropsy already, with a meer Conceit of

his Transformation ; I am to have the Captain's Estate for doing it, and the Writings will be put into my Hands immediately ; — now what think you Father, will your Generosity fail of a return ?

Mar. No, no, no, no, — my Love, my Sweet, dere, dere.

[*Gives the Cabinet.*]

Betty. Go you in and improve the Jest, bid him try on his Coat, hold his Breath that his Lungs may swell ; and Erect the Gnomon of his Face to the North, — I'm now in Agitation for him, tell him.

Mar. I vill, I vill, — ah, how me long to see my Love ; in her pret Breesha !

[*Exit.*]

Betty. So ! now the Plot thickens Captain ; ha, ha, ha.

Ned. Ah, ha, ha, not so fast Dear Creature, I have tir'd my self with laughing already ; but prithee what's next ? — I have sent as you directed to my Lord, to bring the Constable and Officers, and will be with e'm my self presently.

Betty. That's well, why then the Catastrophe of your Unkles Folly ends the Comedy ; — keep in your Head once more, here he comes.

Enter Squire in long Coat, Marrogne, Taylor.

Tay. Why Sir, you hold your Breath till you are black in the Face.

Mar. Vat you say you Fool, — holda your prate, — lete me see, parblieu, methink de Face begin t'appear like one full Moon.

Squire. Ha ! does it ? thanks to my Stars.

Tay. Zooks, this is so strange a Foppery, that I can't forbear prating for the Heart of me ; — d'ye find any lengthning Sir about ye.

[*Betty falls in Agitation.*]

Squire. Why truly no, unless it be my Nose ; — by my design'd Proportion it ought to be Six Inches long : is it so Friend ?

Tay. No Faith, not by five and three quarters that I can see.

Squire. No, the happy Minute I fear is not come yet : — Sweet Hyacinth, I grovel at thy Feet, when shall I be Exalted ?

[*Kneels to Betty.*]

Betty in Tone.] This Minute rise and sprout, sprout I say — tall as the Pine upon the Mountain top, or a gay May-pole in a rural Village. — What not obey'd ? no alteration yet ? is he — still a hump crump Cully still ? — ha ! is it so ? then farewell Inspiration, the Deeds are given, a Husband too come o're, my Game is play'd, I'll Prophecy no more ; ha ! ha !

[*Breaks her Rod.*]

Mar. Ha, ha, witty witty Honey, come, let's be gone ; — ha ! ha !

Squire. This is more strange than all ; I'm lost, confounded.

Enter L. Noble, Sir Charles, Fidelia, Ned, Guicam, and Cub.

L. N. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Why, what's here, the *Sophy* in a *Persian* Mantle ? oh ridiculous !

Sir Cha. Or a Pigmy in a Gyants Gaberdine ; ha ! ha ! ha !

Ned. Oh, you must give Plants that are stunted, leisure to grow my Lord. — Unkle your most Humble Servant.

Squire. I am bubbled, and have made my self the May-game of the Town.

Guia. Ah, shame on ye for a Jack-a-Lent, is this your Transformation? is this your Six Foot and Five Inches? ye Crab with crooked Claws, and to make such an egregious Fool of me too with your Prophets, and your Pickpockets; Odsheartlikins I could tear your Eyes out.

L. N. Oh, Patience, Patience, good Mrs. *Guia*, and take care the *Squire* don't Sprout upon a sudden into the Stature of a Gyant, and demolish your Widowhood; — have a Care.

Ned. You see Transformations are frequent enough, the Maiden Prophetess is turn'd Wife, and Captain *Rake* my self into a Sober Husband: Nay, good Sir, don't look so sour upon the matter, for I must beg leave to smell a little to your Rose of *Arabia* here, and take your delicious Tulip by the Stalk Sir, for this is certainly my Spouse Sir, and these, I thank her, the Writings of my Estate Sir, she has kindly taken the Conjugal Cordial; and to use your own Phrase, in short Sir, she has it in her.

Betty. This is only *New Wit for a Husband*, Sir, you must excuse me.

Crum. Undone, past Redemption, I shall be hooted thro' the Streets.

Enter Sollid.

L. N. Well *Sollid*, are all things done that were design'd?

Sol. Yes, my Lord, *Magus* and the rest of 'em, are accus'd of Blaphemy, and seiz'd in a Room below, by my Lord Chief Justice's Warrant; they only want one, and I think are coming hither to seek him.

Mar. Jernie, woud me were on Ship-board. [Going out.]

Betty. What Father Captain, ye won't leave me will you, and your Treasure here?

Ned. Noble generous Captain, my Wife has receiv'd Mony from ye, pray stay and take a Receipt; there there Officers, there's him ye seek for, as very a Rogue as ever affronted the Dress to commit a Villany.

Enter Magus, Kate, Officers, who seize Marrogne.

Kate. Oh, my Lord, there has been heavy to do below, such gabbling, jangling, groaning, and this and that and t'other. Prophets do they call themselves? ah, duce take them, Cheats, Cheats all, hang me like a a Dog.

L. N. Well, let them fare like Cheats then; they are sent to Prison I hope?

Kate. All but this, — who they say is a Gentleman; if he be, I think ye ought to have more Wit. In obedience to your Lordships request, the Officers have sav'd him; but else, hang me like a Dog, he's the Ring-leader, and deserves to share with the rest.

Sir Cha. Well, pray Madam Hostess please to respire your Judgment a little; I am sorry Sir, a Man of your noted Sense, should be guilty of such ridiculous Absurdities.

Kate. Madam Hostess, I that us'd to be called Madam *Katherine*, and Honey *Kate*, and Lady of the House, and this and that and t'other, if you won't give me my true Title, I won't give you this Letter I have for ye; here. [Shews a Letter.]

Sir Cha. Ah, dear *Kate*, I'll call thee Angel, any thing.

L. N. Officer, I'll be Bail for this Gentleman. — And now Sir, tho' with your Daughters assistance, who was unwilling to see your Estate spent amongst Impostors and Villains, I have the luck to gain a Principal share, do but recall that Sense again, of which you were formerly known to be Master of, and resolve to desert these Whimsical Enthusiasts, you shall never have Occasion, by want of Duty or Respect, to blame either your Daughter or Son-in-Law.

Gui. Where's my Husband ye false Prophet you, that shou'd have Din'd with me upon the Neats Feet and Onions, ha? d'ye think disappointment is nothing ha? an't he asham'd to look me in the Face?

Mag. Humph!

Fid. You know Sir, you promis'd I shou'd wholly enjoy your Estate when I had a Call; — and now my Lord there, can bear Witness I have had one, — a Notable one too, I am call'd to a good Husband Sir; I think a Maid can't have a better.

Mag. Humph!

Fid. I know you endeavour'd to take your Deed of Trust from me, and your new Apostle Steward *Tobi Trance*, busied notably about the matter; but I was not such a Fool to let you Sign so many Papers that I brought ye, without minding, and not Foyst in a Deed of Settlement amongst 'em for my own Use: Yet, not to Corrupt my Duty neither, please but to retrieve your wander'd Sense Sir, with my dear Lords leave, you shall always command your Estate and us too.

Mag. The Gipsy has o'er reach'd me, and I must now make the best on't. — Prithee Daughter shame me not before these People, — perhaps in private I may hearken.

Squire. Give me my Coat agen, — I will renounce the Prophetick Impostors for ever, 'tis resolv'd, and I find now I have it in me; I will content my self that I am as I am, — and from henceforth shou'd they Agitate themselves to the Devil, expect not to be one Jot straiter, no nor one Jot stronger, nor one Inch thicker, no nor one Inch longer.

Betty. Why, that's well said Unkle, and dee hear, reconcile your self to my Dear Captain here, and leave off following these Lunaticks; and Il'e prove a kinder Neice than you Imagine: — As for you Father, Captain and Bedfellow that was to be, I'm sorry your Case is so desperate, and that I can't wait on you to *Port Mahon* so soon as you design'd; my Rigging was to be very Fine I confess, I was to have been his Lieutenant Gentleman; pray see what Breeches I was to have worn.

L. N. Oh rare Camelion! any Colour to propagate the Cause.

Betty. Cou'd not you have given me a more Substantial Pair? ha Captain. [*She puts 'em about Marrogn's Neck.*]

Ned. Ay, certainly my Dear, or else I deserv'd to be hang'd upon the Cross of his great Church at *St. Omers*.

Magg. This is the Effect of your Invasion *Camizar*, Blockhead, — humh!

Mar. Yes begar, and your Resurrection grandmaitre — Oh!

Soll. They have all got several ways of groaning in the Spirit my

Lord; those that are carry'd off did it Comically. The Quack Doctor is gone with 'em as a Comforter; and fell a making of Speeches, as he us'd to do at the Coffee-House; with scraps of Philosophy, and a Jargon of prattle upon Forty several Heads: that the Mob, all taking him to be Mad, could not forbear hooting all the Way they went.

Guic. Oh hang 'em, he's a Fine Man for all that; he was often at our House, and I us'd to call him Second. S'life I'll go and take him away from 'em, it may chance to be another Husband in my way for ought I know, for I must have another of the Faculty, they talk so finely all Night long of Cordials, and Julips, and Pectorals, and Decoctions; oh! 'tis extreamly Comfortable. *[Exit.]*

L. N. Come my Dear, I have Musick within; we'll end this Day merrily i'm resolv'd.

Fid. I have nothing to make me Melancholly, but to see my Father in the Dumps; but I hope he'll give me his Blessing for all that.

Ned. Ay, no doubt on't, he'll consider as my Unkle hath done before him, and we'll all be merry. Sir Charles is inclining too I find, there's something in that paper that has brisk't up his Countenance; come let's partake Knight, is't from the party?

Sir Char. From my Madcap Clora, by all that's happy!—Ah dear Ned, I have reason now to thank thee for thy Admirable Advice; the bold Adventure er has gain'd the Prize faith: see here what she writes, Poetically too; to shew her double Capacity.

*Hang whining and fawning and telling of Lies,
The Blunt and the Honest take Women are wise.
If you come with a Parson to Morrow to Pauls,
He may chance to regale both our Body's and Souls.*

[Enter Clora behind, Strikes him on the Shoulder.]

Clora. True, and since now I find you can manage your Courtship so much like a Man, that it can engage a Woman; I'm come in Person to avouch it,

Sir Char. Ah, dear Rogue, art thou so near, and I'll not fail thee be assur'd.

Kate. Ah, hang me like a Dog! I'm your good Genius too Sir Charles; and now my Lord let's improve our Joy with the Converts, here over some of my fine *Celestius*, I want nothing but that to Exalt my Contentment.

Dev. I want nothing neither dear Hostess, but a little more of the fine Coigniac Brandy to Exult mine; prithee look here a little, look here, the Devil is here again, in the shape of Emptiness.

Kate. Hostess, by him too? why how now Satan the sawcy? who made you so familliar? your Lord there ye Scoundrel, does not think much often to give me the Title of Madam.

Dev. Oh Lord! I beg your pardon Madam, but a pox on't you must know I am always hide-bound in Manners when I am Crop-sick; hark ye, give me Credit, and do but Replenish as I said before, and I'll give ye no other Title this Month, but your Grace.

Kate.

Kate. No, Impudence, that shan't do, 'tis enough for me that your Lord is pleased to call me as I deserve.

Dev. Ah plague, prithee don't be proud of that, for I have sometimes heard him call one Bright Phoebe; fair as the Morning Star: that has been as black I'gad as the Frying-pan bottom.

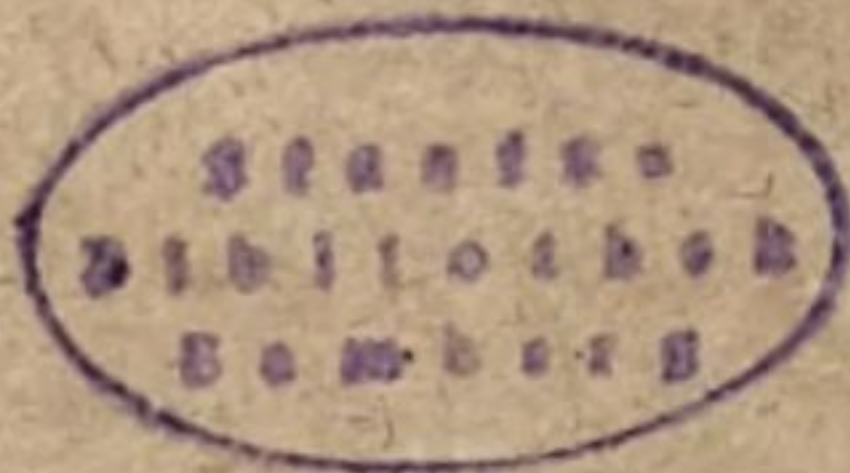
L. N. Hold your Tongue ye Rascal, and dy'e hear Officers, carry off your Prisoner and secure him with the rest, till his Tryal discovers more of his Roguery; his Treasure *Ned*, as a free Gift to thy Spouse; I think is thy Lawful Prize, and now to divert before Supper, let's have a Dance, there should be one at a Wedding always. [Dance]

So this and some Musick, will quickly put the Follies of the Prophe-
tical Impostors out of our Heads my Dear; and I hope too, the Law
Civil or Military will rid us ere long of all the Euthusiasts of that
kind, and since their Pernicious designs are at present frustrated, 'tis
probable, we shan't be twice deceived. All things look with a pro-
perous Aspect; and whilst the present Season seems to Rejoyce at the
Hopes of the Glorious Successes of the next Year abroad: and the
Gracious QUEEN Influences the Happy Government at home.

*We'll laugh at Monsieur's Projects from this hour;
And slight alike, his Prophets and his Power.*

[Exeunt.]

F I N I S.



D'Urfey, Thomas,

The Modern Prophets: Or, New Wit for a Husband A Comedy, As it is Acted at
the Theatre-Royal In Drury-Lane, By Her Majesty's Servants

London [1709?]

Bamberg, Staatsbibliothek -- L.angl.q.4(3#9
urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11716337-1